

The TATLER

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London
March 15, 1939



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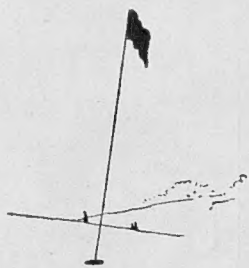
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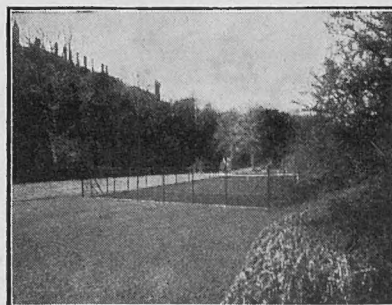


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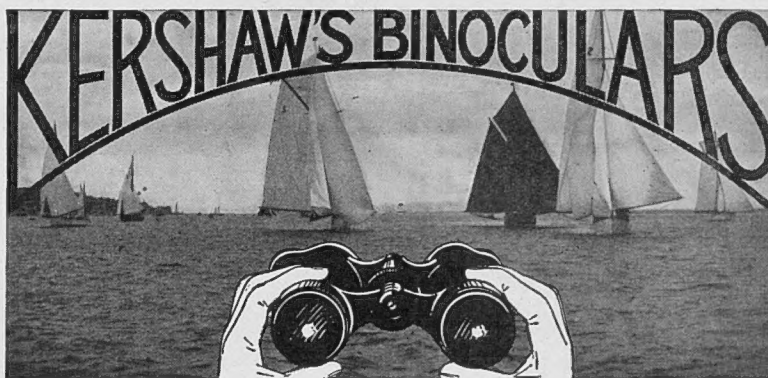
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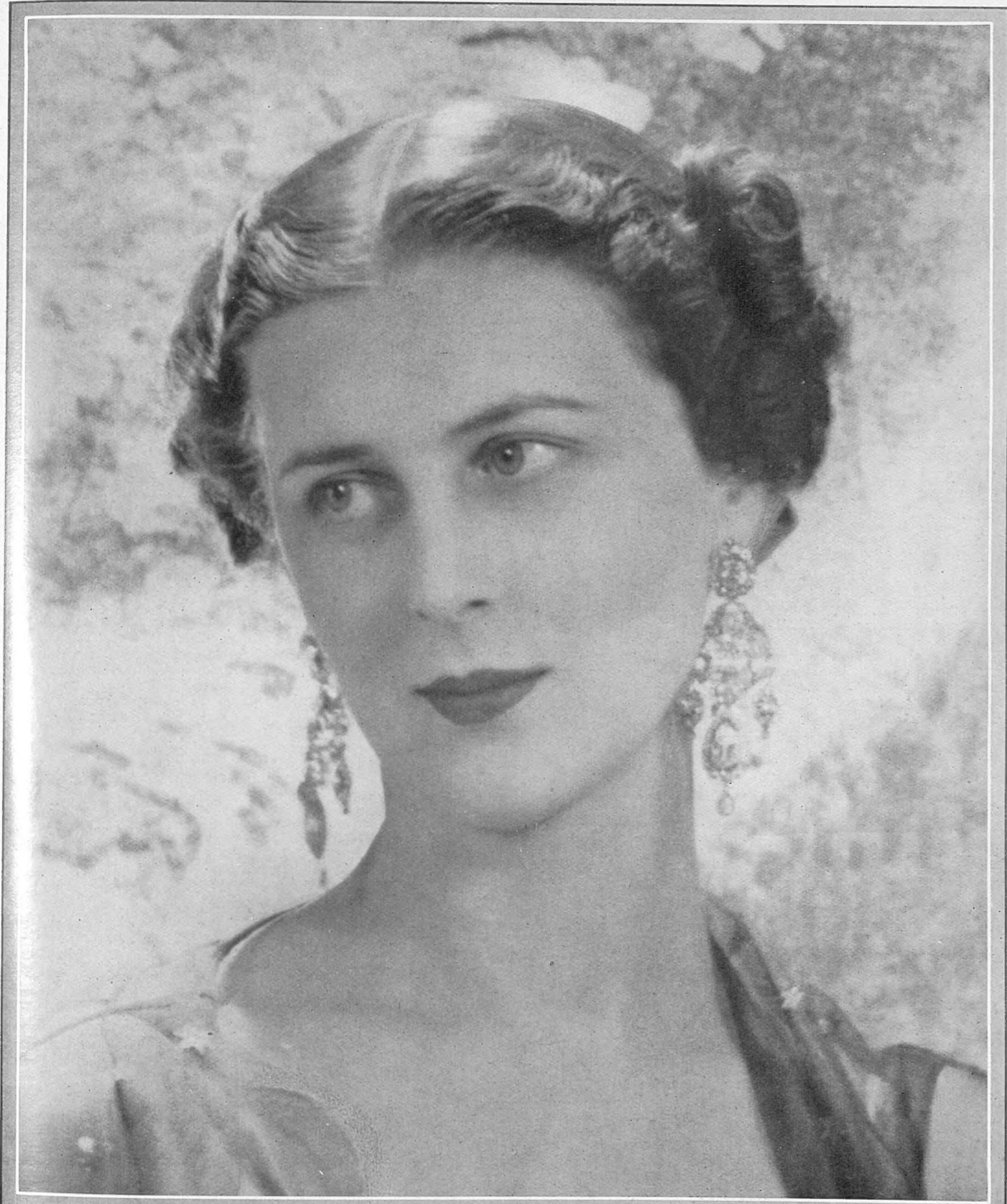
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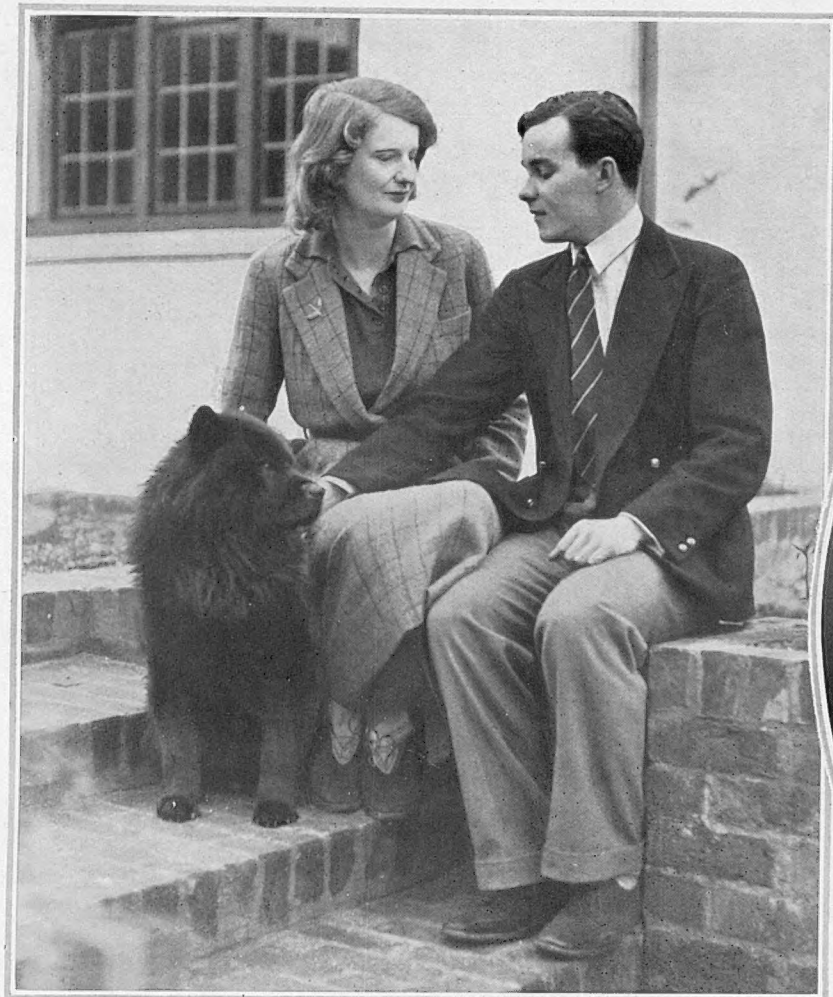


Cecil Beaton

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT

A NEW AND UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

The above artistic portrait is of very recent origin. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent returned quite recently from her visit to her sister, Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, and during the next few months busy preparations for the Australian adventure will doubtless be very much toward. Australia is full of excitement and pleasureable anticipation, and a very warm welcome awaits H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the new Governor-General and, equally, his beautiful consort. It is the first time that a Prince of the Blood Royal has been appointed to rule the Commonwealth, but not the first time that Australia has been visited by a member of the Royal House. H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, visited Australia and also New Zealand in 1920. His present Majesty, when Duke of York, visited the Commonwealth in 1927, when he was accompanied by Field-Marshal Lord Cavan

MR. RICHARD AND LADY SIBELL ROWLEY *Orsma Rowley—Lybbe*

Photographed at the house at Sonning they are now occupying. The wedding of Mr. Richard Rowley, son of the Hon. Mrs. Cripps by a former marriage, to Lady Sibell Lygon, Lord Beauchamp's second sister, took place quietly in the Lady Chapel of Brompton Oratory on February 11, and this is the first time they have faced the camera since that date. Friend Chow Chow's name is Chu

"I sling with the slangsters
The argot of gangsters,
The jargon that jitterbugs prate;
I brook, too, the lingo
Of bookies and bingo,
Nor hillybilly lyrics berate.
I have not grown weary
Of 'scram' and 'But dearie—'
Of 'Oke,' 'Okie-doke' and 'Okay';
Yet O! for a hammer
And axe, to cleave 'glamour'
Clean out of the language today."

WE appreciate your point Mr. Graham. The word is being worked to death, joining company with divine, s'marvellous, gorgeous, and s'others. Then what? Runyon, Winchell, P. G. Wodehouse or Cole Porter will salvage some quaint, once fashionable adjective, or fabricate another which, by the end of 1940, must inevitably sound as dated, as bogus is pseudo today. So the music goes round until a hundred years from now the world indulges in glamour girls again; that is if the twenty-first century can afford to worship woman. Women in America have their way at home, abroad, all the time. As Mrs. "Archie" Campbell remarked after one of Mr. Jules Bache's succulent luncheons, the song should

LORD AND LADY GEORGE SCOTT
AT THE ALDERSHOT 'CHASES

Lord George Scott, who is in the mechanized 10th Hussars, rode two of his own on the first day of the recent soldiers' meeting at Aldershot, Nerepis in the Tweseldown Open Cup and Balnamona in the Smith-Dorrien Open Chargers' Race, both unplaced. Lady George Scott is the former Miss Molly Bishop, and her marriage took place on December 16 last at St. Margaret's

And the World Said—

LADY JOAN LLOYD-VERNEY *Hay Wrightson*

The wife of a notable courtier, and herself personally concerned with Court circles for very many years. Lady Joan Verney, who was appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to H.M. Queen Mary as long ago as 1920 and is today an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, is a daughter of the fifth holder of the now extinct Earldom of Desmond. Her husband, Sir Harry Lloyd-Verney, Deputy-Master of King Edward VII's Household and Groom-in-Waiting to King George V, Private Secretary to Queen Mary (1919-35), and now an extra Groom-in-Waiting to King George VI, belongs to a collateral branch of the family headed by Sir Harry Verney fourth baronet, of Claydon

be changed to "I've got you under my foot." She was out of earshot of his handsome granddaughters who might have cast coloured marbles at us, this being the latest game revived by Palm Beachers for keeping awake between lunch and what would be tea if there was any. Mr. Bache, who is known to his devoted family as "Mr. Bee," because his house, La Colmena, means "the bee-hive," insists on a high feminine standard of beauty at his board which is not so easily attained in Florida as you would think. Major "Bertie" Edgar is disappointed in the form at Miami Beach, where he and his nice wife stayed with the Sigrists en route for Nassau and their own yacht at Cannes, but then Mrs. Sigrist is so wholesomely pink and white with big grey-blue eyes, that local talent suffers by comparison. The British Empire may be a back number according to its detractors who were raised

on sour grapes, but the British Isles still produce more good-looking women, in ratio to the population, than elsewhere. Americans usually have far better ankles and shoulders, and occasionally a fascinating beauty rises out of the melting pot, like Venus from the foam, but the exception proves Herr Hitler's race rule. Looks come by breeding from the same stock, with occasional crosses, but melting-pot marriages produce quicker-witted citizens of the world than our insular selves. Travel makes me realize how parochial London can be, especially Westminster, where many members know a little about Europe, but next to nothing about the Empire or the United States. The King and Queen's visit, plus the two Fairs, should give the much-needed impetus. Meanwhile, several M.P.'s have broadened their minds by travel, among them Captain Arthur Evans whose observations on the plight of sugar in the West Indies should interest the House. I say "should," not "will," guardedly, because the Lower House often neglects Empire business. Yet the Lords bring keen ability to every problem put before them. Gad sir, Lord Beaverbrook is right, as Colonel Blimp says, to be Empire-minded is our best bet. Born in Canada, and made in England, Low's chief naturally acquired two points of view, focusing them, like the finder on my camera which is momentarily reposing in a lifeboat on board the *North Star*, a Canadian ship bound for Haiti, where the steward, who speaks French-Canadian to his mates, says I shall find it plenty hot. The lifeboat is a bolt-hole from the Southend spirit of three hundred Miami trippers, in various states of strip tease. I can contemplate Cuba's profits and reflect upon Mr. Duff-Cooper's essay about the Diplomatic Service. He points out with vigour what my feather pen wrote last year—that the age limit which forces ambassadors to retire at sixty is indefensible and harmful to international understanding. Men like Sir Ronald Graham, Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir George Clerk had hardly reached the peak of their prestige in Berlin, Rome and Paris when the gong went. Many useful years were before them. Sir George, the urbane *beau* of diplomatists, spends much of his time sailing a boat in the Mediterranean. We are anchored at Port au Prince now, and faces shining like black pennies are diving round the shore for dimes. The Haitian hills are



GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

Mrs. Hubert Loder and her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Player, went racing at Cheltenham in hats of twin design and delightful jauntiness, most becoming to both. The former Miss Jean Loder, eldest member of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Loder's family of three and a cousin of Sir Giles Loder, was married to the Master of the Craven at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on January 31. She is as keen on fox-hunting as her husband



LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT

Pearl Freeman

A charming and important debutante who comes up from the West Country to be presented. Lady Kathleen Eliot, younger daughter of Lady Blanche Douglas and of the late Lord St. Germans, is a niece of the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, with whose hounds she hunts with the greatest zest



AT THE CLIFTON-ON-TEME HUNT BALL

Mr. Peter French Davis, Miss Diana Bean and Mr. J. G. Huddleston forgather with the Master, Mr. Miles Bellville (right) at the Shire Hall, Worcester. Mr. Bellville, who lives at Tedstone Court, Bromyard, took over the Clifton-on-Teme hounds in 1937, and hunts them himself in a country loaned by the Worcestershire, Ludlow and North Herefordshire

Richardson

other public buildings built round the spacious Champs de Mars are in handsome contrast to the abject poverty of the lower town, where every other darkie rides a donkey, the women side-saddle, their heads heaped with marketings. Nothing can reduce the curiosity of visitors concerning Voodoo which is secretly practised; if you don't believe me, read *Tell My Horse*, by Zora Neale Hurston, a cultured American negress who makes a life study of odd native practises; very odd judging by the chapter on preparing a Jamaican *jeune fille* for the fulfilment of her destiny. The picture I shall treasure from Haiti is of a young girl walking proudly on a dusty road with a greengrocer's shop on her head, and on her skinny coal-black back a dress of the pink Schiap christened "shocking"; the pink John sometimes paints. Haitian women do not wear the wild tartan prints which feast the eye in Jamaica; their cottons are mostly faded French blues and sometimes mourning. How beautiful a black woman looks in black! Only the best people are *café-au-lait*, and you do not see them toiling on the highways; they have villas on the hillside. It is very difficult to get into the best mulatto society in Port au

And the World said—*continued*

Prince which observation makes the Jamaican proverb about social climbers—"Table napkin wanta turn tablecloth"—à-propos.

I hear that, despite the continued attraction of snow sports, life on the Riviera is gayer than it has been at this time of year since the mountains stole so many of its lovers from the sea and sunshine of the Côte. Cannes has reached almost summer tempo, there being so many cars with G.B. plates moving along the Croisette, or cruising on the coast roads between Cannes and Monte Carlo taking people to see the tennis tournaments and, at sunset, they go from the courts to the very different atmosphere of the "Kitchen" in the Casino. But last week was memorable in Cannes' musical history; people flocked to hear Bruno Walter conduct, and at the same time play the piano, in a concert of Mozart's symphonies and concertos, and to the two performances he conducted of Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*. Several of the singers in this opera have often been heard at Salzburg, which fact caused many to give up their habitual rubbers of contract to go and listen to them at the Casino. The Ambassadeurs is as popular as ever, and Mrs. Woolley-Hart recently entertained there for the King of Sweden. One of her guests was Lady Mendl, whose curtsy was an example to any débutante. The King and Queen of Denmark are paying their annual visit; being enthusiastic yachters, they have chosen the right moment, as every morning the bay is filled with white sails as boats race before the winds of March which have been gentle so far. The townsfolk of Nice and Cannes go ski-ing every Sunday at the various centres which are only about two hours' drive away and Auron is the most popular, with its funicular, Beuil being a close second. Soon there will not be a hairdresser, waiter or grocer on the Riviera who will not know the secrets of Kristianias and Stembogen just as well as those who go off to Switzerland annually.

Monte Carlo is also getting under way as the International Tennis Tournament began last week and the list contained the names of many whom we shall see at Wimbledon later—i.e., Pétra, Brugnon, Henkel, Boussus, Malfroy, Shaffi. The female element includes Mlle Henrotin, Frau Sperling and Madame Mathieu, together with our own Kay Stammers, backed up by Miss Dearman, and Miss Billie Yorke. In this tournament were two Frenchmen of whom more will be heard, Pellizza and Bolelli—they are similar to that indomitable French pair, Borotra and Cochet—very fast and a lot of punch behind their shots. The Saturday night gala at the Sporting Club was attended by the usual well-dressed crowd and particularly noticeable was Mrs. Michael Stratton, wearing a lovely royal blue gown which suited her admirably. Mme Jacques Wittouck's jewellery—magnificent rubies and diamonds from the Hapsburg crown jewels—were the centre of envious glances, worn with an ivory gown which had a pale pink thread through it. The French Naval Authorities are "showing the Flag" and have sent two T.B.D.s to Monaco Harbour and these have been open to the public.

A new picture gallery has been added to the delights of the Sporting Club and its first function will be to house an exhibition called "From Cézanne to the Present Day." Actually it is the only exhibition to be held on French soil to celebrate this great artist's birth. New villa owners are always a delight to the community and the latest are no exception being Sir John MacTaggart, the housing expert, who has bought (and opened) that lovely show place behind the Beach (which before the War belonged to Sir William Ingram). "Villa La Vigie" and Mr.

and Mrs. William Connell who have bought "Les Gallets" where they are in residence. Also I hear rumours of a new and youthful club of which Princess Antoinette of Monaco (grand-daughter of Prince Louis II, the Sovereign of the Principality) is a leading light; it will have its H.Q. on the top floor of the Sporting Club.

From London. We may be a nation of slow starters but once under way there's no stopping us. Don't jump to conclusions; rearming isn't the theme, but the avalanche of feting with which the dazzling and devoted Comédie Française company had to contend when they were over. By the time the poor dears got to Portland Place to go on the air such exhaustion had set in that they piteously begged to be allowed to do their stuff from chairs. Both on and off the stage they certainly made for a three-starred week. *Mille remerciements*.

More theatrical business: the big hit revival at the Westminster of *The Doctor's Dilemma*, which is the next Shaw play due for screening, 'tis said. The author himself found it very good and though you never can tell what he'll put on a postcard, several members of the company who received his comments on performance by this means were not down-hearted. Robert (*The Citadel*) Donat didn't miss a chance of getting the Shavian low down on doctors. He was there with his red-headed wife on the same night that Miss Betty Askwith and Miss Theodora Benson, of the lively pens, had Miss Peggy Wood (more or less blown in from America) and the two youngest Bull brothers, Anthony and Peter, in their party. Manager Peter Bull announces that he has found another good play to present when the curtain rings down on *Goodness How Sad* (round about 1940 perhaps), and Robert Morley may write him one for Perranporth's summer season.

Miss Benson doesn't seem to be announcing a succession to *In the East My Pleasure Lies* for the moment but her brother should have some fine traveller's tales to tell when he completes his round-the-world-in-a-ketch adventure. Mrs. John Benson set off last Wednesday via the Atlantic and Panama Canal to meet her husband in Chile where he's due to tie up in a few weeks' time.

Not long ago Mr. Benson sold Stowe House—modern when Dr. Johnson patronized Lichfield—but luckily this wasn't a case of no sooner under the hammer than under the pick, as so often happens these demolition-mad days. Destruction goes on in all directions at an appalling rate. In fact if it were not for an aesthetically-minded society or two we might wake up one morning to find the four-square gospel of steel and concrete had entirely supplanted those lovely houses, with their integrally English charm of background, with which Inigo Jones, Nash, Chambers and company were pleased to decorate this fair country. The Georgian Group, by setting out to save Georgian houses

"of merit" are putting up a fine fight against such senseless vandalism. Under the chairmanship of Lord Derwent they have a committee of great distinction whose names mean Art. Picking out a name here and there, we find Lord Berners, Osbert Sitwell and A. J. Munnings besides Lord Methuen, painter, who had more than a hand in the recent opening to the public of Georgian House in Bristol. More power to them.

Outstanding tailpiece: Cecily Courtneidge straight from *Under Your Hat* in dungarees and red moustache, making the week's best curtsy to the Duchess of Gloucester on B.I.F. Dinner night.

* * *

In our issue of the 8th instant, we stated that the engagement of the Hon. Richard Lygon to Miss Patricia Russell had been recently announced. We are informed that this engagement was broken off in January last and wish to express our regret for any annoyance caused by the mis-statement



MR. KENNETH HARTINGTON AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. CECILIA BOWES-LYON

The marriage of Her Majesty's niece, to the younger son of the late His Honour Edward Hartington, took place last Wednesday at Holy Trinity Brompton and attracted enormous public interest by reason of the presence of the King and Queen, accompanied by the little Princesses. Lord Glamis gave away his daughter, lovely in white satin cut on classic lines. Her very distinctive halo of arum lilies was made of feathers



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SPECIAL AWARD
TO WALT DISNEY (SEVEN DWARFS)

SPENCER TRACY AND BETTE DAVIS AGAIN BEST FILM ACTOR AND ACTRESS



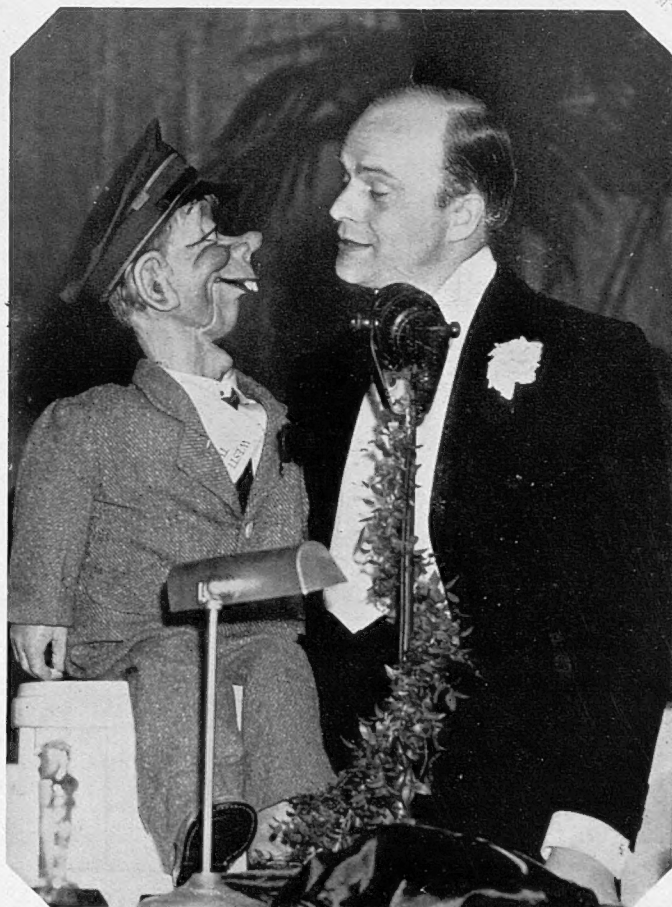
THE SMILING WINNERS: SPENCER TRACY AND
BETTE DAVIS WITH CEDRIC HARDWICKE



Photos: Hyman Fink

GINGER ROGERS (SMILING AS ALWAYS) AND JESSE LASKY

Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis have now both won the highest awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the second time, and these pictures were taken at the banquet at the Biltmore Hotel, Hollywood, where the presentations were made. Sir Cedric Hardwicke (see above) performed the ceremony. The awards are in the shape of gold statuettes, and a nice little touch was added by Shirley Temple, who presented a special and appropriate prize—seven dwarf statuettes—to Walt Disney. It was only the fourth time in her life that the lady had been allowed to stay up after 10 p.m. Spencer Tracy won for his wonderful performance as the good priest in *Boys' Town*, his immediately previous win having been scored in *Captains Courageous*. Bette Davis won for her dynamic performance in the title rôle of *Jezebel*, her previous win having been for what she did in *Dangerous*. The "show" at the banquet was really "stolen" by the two children Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, who was not present, and a wooden dummy, Edgar Bergen's new young friend "Mortimer," and a cartoonist, Walt Disney, who was too overcome to be able to thank Shirley Temple as much as he wanted to. Both Deanna Durbin and Mickey Rooney were given special awards and Edgar Bergen's older friend, Charlie McCarthy, did the honours. Ginger Rogers, seen with a great pillar of the motion picture world, looked as attractive as ever. Her turn to win has not come yet, but it will sooner perhaps than later, for we all remember her great acting in that good film *Stage Door*.



EDGAR BERGEN AND HIS NEW FRIEND, "MORTIMER"



VALERIE HOBSON AND JOHN LODER IN A SCENE IN THE NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURE "THE SILENT BATTLE"

This extremely exciting picture, now in course of production at Denham, opens with a crisis, which eventually blows over, much to the annoyance of a group of conspirators in Paris, who try to bring on a fresh one by sending for a discontented minority leader in the Balkans, whose daughter is played by Valerie Hobson. Her part is to try and sell munitions, but she is warned by a *Deuxième Bureau* man (Rex Harrison) that this is a plot. She and John Loder, who is a French journalist, have a wildly exciting trip from Paris to this Balkan State by train. This picture will have its *première* in about a month's time

IT is my habit to attend the last performances at the Empire. I get there about ten o'clock to find rapt millions. At least they seem to be millions, and there is no doubt about the raptness. Judge, then, of my astonishment when the other evening I found the place to be a stark, staring wilderness of empty nothing-at-all. Dotted here and there about the place was Mr. Sidney Bernstein, but apart from that distinguished entrepreneur there was nobody. He was, so to speak, an island in a non-existent archipelago. In plain English the place was empty. And why? It was empty because the film, which was entitled *Sweethearts*, was a satire at the expense of love and the back of the stage.

Now the film public is both sensitive and naïve. It is sensitive to film-news. It has some sort of sixth instinct to tell it when a film attempts to make fun of any of its idols. And it promptly stays away. It is naïve in its view of the nature of love and marriage, and of the theatre. Lovers, according to the film-goer, must quickly attain and throughout the rest of the film cling to the zenith of love. Nine-tenths of wifehood, as every wife knows, consists in darning a husband's socks, getting his dinner ready, and looking after him when he has a cold. These duties have their equivalent even in the £10,000-a-year class. But the film-fan will not hear of these realities. All married life to him or her consists of going to and coming away from expensive parties with a doting husband taking an ermine wrap from his beloved's bejewelled neck, and at the end of the party as tenderly replacing it. Even if the pair have a row and he feels like throttling her, the thing with which he is to do the throttling must still be ermine. So much for the film attitude towards marriage.

Now tack on to this view of marriage the film-fan's view of what goes on behind the scenes. The film-fan tolerates stories of stage-folk only on condition that they are strictly non-realistic. If an actor gets drunk, he must be seen doing it for some flamboyantly glamorous reason. Everybody knows that in real life when an actor drinks, he drinks for the same reason that other men imbibe. Either to drown his debts and worries, or for a reason which I have never seen advanced as the basis for drinking—the sheer fun of getting tight! In the film an actor drinks to keep the actress who

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Half-hearted Satire

is playing Juliet to his Romeo from falling in love with him, she being a married woman whose husband is dying of consumption! That is a fit and romantic subject for screen-exploitation. Whereas a consumptive actor who drank because his wife had got too fat to play Juliet could not be fit and proper screen-fodder. And so it is with everything else.

Those responsible for putting together *Sweethearts* have made the worst possible mess of what was already a very risky proposition. They have gone in for satire but only in a half-hearted way. It was a brilliant notion to engage Miss Dorothy Parker, but a suicidal one to attempt to water down the smartest satirist of the age. Everywhere in this film you can see the devastating hand of Miss Parker, but also exactly where and how it has been arrested. The film postulates a husband and wife who, for six years have been the hero and heroine of a musical comedy entitled *Sweethearts*. I remember when I was a young man being greatly moved by the love-making of an actor who toured the provinces interminably year after year in the same mellifluous piece of German romanticism, with an actress whom I fondly imagined to be his sweetheart if not wife. I have never forgotten the shock when I discovered that my romantic young actor was a man of fifty completely bald, generously married and the father of some twenty-four children. Mr. Nelson Eddy cleverly suggests that the hero of *Sweethearts* after a run of six years is not so young as he was when the piece started. Miss Jeanette MacDonald with enormous skill also conveys this impression. Showing less white of eye than she was wont to do, she makes up for this by a greater pearliness of teeth. But the public adores, always has adored, and always will adore the careful coquetties of ageing lovebirds, preferring them to the inexpert approaches to passion of the really young. That is why this pair of sweethearts is allowed to fill Broadway for six years with its incessant yodelling. Every night at the end of the performance the mother of each of them telephones to the theatre to know how her boy and girl have got on. "Sakes alive, what did those folks do before the telephone?" asks a dresser. Miss Parker has the tart, succinct reply: "Carrier-pigeons!"

And then the plot starts. It appears that Hollywood wants to get hold of the pair, and that the pair are by no means averse to Hollywood which they already regard as a Little Grey Home in the West. And as they pack, so they sing. Miss MacDonald begins it standing by the wardrobe; Mr. Eddy from the next room answers from the compactum. The packing concluded, they tackle the second verse together in concert-fashion, in the middle of a boudoir about the size of the arena at Harringay. The third verse is sung on the staircase, viewed from those many angles to which a staircase is peculiarly susceptible. It is settled that they are going to Hollywood. But since this does not suit the theatre-manager, they must be stopped. But how? It appears that these public sweethearts are sweethearts in private even after six years of marriage. It appears that every night for six years Mr. Eddy has written a love-letter to Miss MacDonald containing some such nauseating phrase as: "Six years with you is but a day—a day without you is six years." Or: "If one day you desire the moon, bid me to get it for you." It is now suggested to Miss MacDonald that these are but copies of originals which are being sent by Mr. Eddy to Miss MacDonald's secretary. Whereupon our sweethearts part. Each takes out a touring company of *Sweethearts* with another partner. And successive shots show us Mr. Eddy eating out his heart in the Alleghanies and Miss MacDonald doing the same in the Rockies. Presently the long-distance telephone brings them together, the misunderstanding having been cleared up. The love-letter which Miss MacDonald found on her secretary's desk was merely there so that she might inscribe it on a vanity-case for Miss MacDonald! Whereby the touring companies are left in the lurch, the lovebirds fly to Broadway, and the curtain goes up on another six years' revival. Had this film been done sentimentally with Grace Moore and John Boles, cavalry would have been needed to protect the Empire box-office. As it is all sung by Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy in alternating patches of sincerity and a full knowledge of the imbecilities in which they are engaged, wild horses charging backwards could not kick an audience into the Empire!

LONDON TERRITORIALS

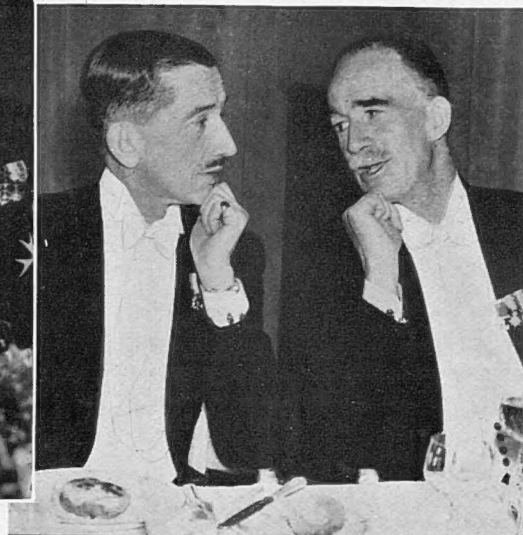
MOBILIZE AT DINNER



GENERAL SIR WALTER KIRKE (D.G., T.A.)
AND CAPTAIN LORD STRATHCONA



THE MARQUESS OF CREWE AND
LORD WAKEFIELD, WHO PRESIDED



BRIGADIER JAMES PRICE AND
COLONEL LORD LIMERICK



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM THWAITES
AND CAPTAIN THE EARL OF MUNSTER



MAJOR-GENERAL CLAUDE
LIARDET, G.O.C., LONDON
DIVISION, T.A.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. H. BEITH AND
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN BROWN



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CLIVE LIDDELL
AND CAPTAIN RUPERT DE LA LERE, M.P.

This great levee, *en masse*, of those who represent London's Territorial Army, was at Grosvenor House, and was presided over by Colonel Lord Wakefield, who is Hon. Colonel of the 9th (2nd City of London) Battalion Royal Fusiliers. Seated next to him is the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of London, Lord Crewe, and all around and about, including the Director-General of the Territorial Army, Sir Walter Kirke, seated next to the Honorary Colonel Artists' Rifles, Lord Strathcona, were distinguished officers, over five hundred of them, all intimately connected with the second line of our land forces. Happening as it did upon the very day of the announcement by the Secretary of State for War of the greatly increased responsibilities of the Territorial Army in the unhappy event of war, it is not very necessary to suggest what was the main topic of conversation and discussion. The Regular Army was also well represented, prominent being Sir Clive Liddell, Adjutant General to the Forces, and Lord Munster, the Under Secretary of State for War. The Lord Mayor, Major Sir Frank Bowater, who was present, eluded the camera. As the world may know, he has a distinguished war record as a gunner officer, serving in a London Howitzer Brigade and commanding a battery in France



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LORD LUCAN
AND CAPTAIN J. N. S. STOTT



Poole, Dublin

WAIT FOR IT ! A NORTH KILKENNY SNAPSHOT

Mr. R. C. Prior-Wandesforde, the joint-Master (with Lord Kildare), waiting for "The Gentleman" to depart from Ballycoura Covert on the banks of the flooded River Nore. The two spectators are also dutifully silent. Mr. Prior-Wandesforde takes over the Westmeath next season

A Leicestershire Letter.

THE finest fox-hunting of this week was provided by the Belvoir on Wednesday. In the absence of the huntsman, George Tongue, the first whip carried the horn. From Burbage's Covert a fox went away across the Cottesmore country to Burton Lazars Village. Thence across the race-course nearly to Laxtons, and a left-handed circle back across the flats through Berry Gorse. Skirting Laxtons again, they pointed for Whissendine but turned back left-handed through Stapleford Park and Cottage Plantation, and back across the polo grounds and Brentingby to Burbage's. After a quarter of an hour's hunting in this covert they went away again on a fresh fox. This fox knew his Melton suburbs, for he crossed the river at the swimming club bridge (for foxes and foot passengers only), leaving the field for the choice of going back to the road bridge or round through Melton town. Hounds hunted on by themselves, no one reaching them till they crossed the main Oakham Road on top of the hill. They then hunted on into the Quorn country, being finally run out of scent between Burrough Hill Wood and Adam's Gorse. Official time, three and a half hours. A very fine exhibition of perseverance with a moderate scent.

The Quorn Friday produced a fast gallop of about twenty minutes from near Barkby Holt to Queniborough Village in the morning. Then a hunt from Barkby Holt was spoiled by motors near South Croxton, the fox being eventually killed. In the evening there was a bright little gallop from Sherrard's to ground in a drain near Barsby.

On Saturday, scent was definitely bad, but both Cottesmore and Belvoir brought off nice evening hunts to redeem the day. On Saturday night there was more dancing. This week the dancing pack met at Leesthorpe, the Kelly's home. The "in aid of" was the Cottesmore Wire Fund. Sport was above the average.

From the Fernie.

There was good hunting from Tugby on Saturday, galloping on more or less all day over High Leicestershire. The country around Vowes Gorse is always attractive, and when a straight-necked fox leads us into Cottesmore territory there are always some stiff hazards to meet. With a six-mile



LADY LEWES WITH THE COTTESMORE

A picture taken on the Stapleford day. Lady Lewes is a daughter of Major Jack and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison. Her father, as many in this world know, is a pillar of the polo world, and if he had been 21 lbs. lighter an international for sure

From the Shires and Provinces

point from Keythorpe Wood to Owston Wood all were satiated. The evening dance at Langton Hall found the survival of the fittest after this hard day, and a merry time passed in this delightful mansion of hunting tradition. Wistow Cross Roads on Monday were hardly visible from the number of motor cars present, but when all were sorted out hounds were able to proceed to the Mount and found quickly. Taking a rather unusual line over the Kibworth Road, our fox crossed the brook and led along the canal plantations to Newton Harcourt where he got in perhaps luckily, because bordering on a busy railroad and canal, there was danger for the pack. This done, a series of blank draws

followed until we reached Gilmorton late on when we had a short spin towards Walton before scent gave out. Colin had a bad slip-up on the tarmac and was fortunate to escape injury. We were glad to see the Laird of Dingley out again, though swathed in head bandages after his mishap of last week. The unspoilt hamlet of King's Norton in the heart of our best country brought out a large field on Thursday, and amongst our visitors we welcomed our new Master for next season Mr. Reginald Wright who was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

From the Heythorp.

Sport continues to be consistently good, and we have had another good week. we have many more of

these "x"-mile points, the next point to be considered will be the horse who points his foot at us in the morning, as wear and tear are beginning to tell their tale. Monday from Heythorp was a very good day. After a half-baked fox had been killed in the Ovens, a good hunt followed with a five-mile point. Very early in the proceedings, his lordship again came to grief and, pending the recapture of his horse, continued nobly on foot and we certainly consider that Shanks' mare should get a hunter's certificate. Unfortunately there were other more serious casualties, Mrs. Swire falling and breaking a wrist and Miss Mosselmans breaking some ribs. This is surely a hint to see that our accident insurances are in order. On Wednesday, at Burford, there was only a small field out; doubtless this was due to either the Hunter Show or St. David's Day, because Taffy was absent, as we were hoping to see him and other of his countrymen laden with leeks or draped in daffodils. Amongst our visitors were Captain and Mrs. Kingscote, from the Meynell. The first hunt with a seven-mile point was far into old Berkshire territory and fizzled out in the complicated terrain of the upper Thames and its tributaries. Very uncharted, wet, wild country this, more suited for a mermaids' maternity home.

From the Warwickshire.

The time of the singing of birds seems to have come once more, and one at least of our visitors comes out wearing a bunch of violets. But the weather on our Sibford day was a fair knock-out. Off went the mackintoshes and aprons when hounds moved off, as there seemed to be a hope of the fine before eleven theory; then down it all came

(Continued on page 500)

WITH THE QUORN

AND COTTESMORE



MR. HENRY GARNETT AND SARAH, MRS. WILSON AND LADY CAROLINE VILLIERS



LADY NUTTALL AND SON WITH THE QUORN



MORE COTTESMORE: MAJOR AND MRS. PATRICK ANDERSON AND (RIGHT) MRS. VAN RENSSELAER



MRS. MURRAY SMITH AND THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER WITH THE COTTESMORE



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD DAWSON AND LADY FLOYD, ALSO WITH THE COTTESMORE



LORD AND LADY LANESBOROUGH ON THE QUORN'S QUENIBOROUGH DAY

All the Cottesmore pictures on this page were collected the day those hounds met at Burrough, which is quite close to Melton, the axis upon which Quorn, Cottesmore, and Belvoir more or less revolve. In this case, the axis means real neighbourliness. The Quorn snapshots were got on the day Major and Mrs. Ronald Kaye were host and hostess at Queniborough Old Hall, and another picture in which the gallant M.F.H. is included is on another page in this issue. Lady Nuttall, whose husband's seat is Lowesby, and Lord and Lady Lanesborough, who live near Loughborough, were also Quornites that day. Mr. Henry Garnett, who was the tallest officer in the Brigade of Guards, is acting as a grand-stand for his small daughter; and Lady Caroline Villiers is Mrs. Robin Wilson's daughter by her first marriage, to Lord Jersey, dissolved on her petition. The Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's only brother, was naturally patronising the family pack. The Cottesmore were first started by a Lowther. Lady Floyd, wife of Sir Henry, also out on the Burrough day, is a daughter of Colonel John Gretton of Stapleford, who has been chairman of the Cottesmore Committee these many years



PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE

Lady Powerscourt, wife of the well-known Irish peer, is working hard on a carpet, to which she only has to add two or three hundred thousand stitches, which will take her about a year to do. The actual pattern is that which was worked by a granddaughter of Charles II., but naturally the Powerscourt arms are being substituted for the Royal ones. When finished, it will be worth many hundreds of pounds

the monkey element—which is human nature in its least beautiful denominator—will creep into man's most resplendent dreams somehow or other. To assert otherwise is to ignore the whole history of everything. Some sides of it you may keep in check by fear or by force of arms, but other sides, especially the animal one, will flout your pretended prescience. If they do not, then the subject is either sub- or super-normal. You do not cure a repression by repressing it. On the contrary. Or, if you do so for a time, it is only by the sacrifice of one tormented life. Moreover, the world—which is human nature—will creep in somehow, somewhere. The body, as well as the mind, hold within them the seed from which they spring. And so, although you may be able to hold control over the body, the mind will not thus be imprisoned.

One of the best novels of the season, Rumer Godden's "Black Narcissus" (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), takes this subject as its theme. It concerns a company of strict Anglo-Catholic nuns who settle in an old palace among the hills of Northern India with the intention of converting, curing and educating the natives. The palace used to be the old harem of the wealthy local owner of the valley, and so, perhaps, if emotional atmosphere clings to a house long after the emotion has died away, tradition had something to do with the eventual disruption of what began as a valiant, self-sacrificing, noble-minded sisterhood, and ended in ignominious flight. Or perhaps it was the heat or the loneliness, or, which is more likely, the germ of human nature which refused to be ignored. Purely human passions have such a strange way of coming into our lives

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Human Nature.

THE worst of human nature—and by human nature I mean the monkey still within us all—it simply will not be ignored. Therefore, the High Idealist who refuses to take it into his main consideration is simply asking for the Grand Disillusion. I know it is much more comforting to turn one's back upon it and to pretend that it is either no longer there or it is vanquished; but it isn't, and perhaps it never will be. Given the chance and

in magnificent disguise. The physical need of a man for a woman, or a woman for a man, appears to the victim so easily as a glimpse of the divine. Thus a man will look like a hero, who, in reality, is only an intelligent ape, and a woman becomes an angel who, at heart, is only a slut. Nature is so insistent, and she has such underhand ways of achieving her purpose. She may bide her time, but eventually she acts. She bided her time with the noble little group of innocent Sisters of Mary, who settled in this lonely outpost of India, valiant to achieve a great purpose. She laid her plans warily. You cannot live with the natives of any country without the facts of life staring you in the face; least of all in the East.

These facts have to be faced without any spiritual repulsion, but, nevertheless, unless those who face them are super-human or old, they leave on the mind a faint smudge. And every commonplace incident had its influence. On Sister Clodagh, the head, there came with the arrival of the handsome young son of the owner of the property memories of the youth with whom she had been in love in Ireland during the years before she gave up her life to her religion. And as this resemblance became stronger, so she dreamed disturbing dreams, seeking to repress them by a greater severity with those whom she ruled. Sister Honey, pretty, delicate, devoted to the little children, eventually brought disaster to the whole enterprise by pouring out her suppressed motherhood on a sick child whose death was regarded by his family only as the result of evil magic. Sister Phillippa, unloved and unloving, departed to more strenuous and rule-abiding religious work, purely of the Church churchy. Sister Briony, the dispensary sister, threw herself into the practical side of her life as one in terror of pausing to court danger by the way. Only Sister Ruth, made mad by the repression of her womanhood, fell insanely in love with Mr. Dean, the local agent, who had, so to speak, gone native while at the same time preserving his Western common sense. He was white, he was an Englishman, he was, above all else, the only man with whom the sisters came into business contact.

And so, eventually, this special group of the sisterhood had to be abandoned. Something had defeated them. The ignorance of the natives, perhaps? The climate, the loneliness, the isolation of the house in a valley amid the menacing hills, perhaps? Again, perhaps the purely animal emotions which still clung, as an invisible atmosphere, to the old palace, where once, only a few years previously, sex had been the order of the day. Certainly the fact that human nature will out and that to deny its needs is often to suppress something which, allowed freedom, can achieve greatness and beauty without, at the same time, mocking God. But this is only a brief outline of a story which is as original as it is moving, and as moving as it is beautifully written.

The Indian scenes are poetry described in prose. The characters of the sisters are perfectly differentiated—each a beautifully separate person, and each, with perhaps the exception of Sister Ruth, who found love and in finding it met death, fleeing from what they believed to be spiritual danger by pretending that they were spiritually strong enough to ignore flight. And especially well drawn is the character of Mr. Dean, dissolute, yet practical, who accepted all things and could see no sin in the demands of the flesh, nor anything pitiable in ignorance which found its happiness therein. And above all the turmoil of the story there broods

(Continued on page 472)



Harlib

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM BETHELL

Who before her marriage to Lord Bethell's younger son in 1937 was Miss Ann Barlow, daughter of Major R. Barlow, of Ledbury, late Seaforth Highlanders. They have one son, William Nicholas, who was born in 1938. Mr. Bethell's Christian names are the arresting ones of William Gladstone

HONoured BY THE FÜHRER :
A BEAUTIFUL
AMERICAN DANCER COMES
TO US IN LONDON TOWN



MARION DANIELS, FRESH FROM A MUNICH TRIUMPH IN "THE MERRY WIDOW"

The place to which this attractive nineteen-year-old American came on her return from Munich was the Savoy Hotel cabaret, in which she opened on March 11 for a short engagement of only about ten days. About three weeks ago, Marion Daniels was flown in a special plane from the Riviera at the august request of Herr Hitler himself, to dance in Munich in a revival of *The Merry Widow*—*Die Lustige Witwe* in its original title, in Vienna. The Führer was apparently so entranced by her dancing that he gave her £250 in English money for one performance, and told her that she was the very best he had ever seen. Praise indeed—entirely deserved and likewise perfectly true!



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the silent figure of the local holy man, who, wrapt in his thoughts, sat contemplating Kanchenjunga, the towering peak of the Himalayas—remote from everything and everybody, yet at the same time a judgment upon all. The moral of this vivid and absorbing tale is that if you would lead an unnatural life you must, of necessity, keep nature at bay. Otherwise the trickle becomes the flow, and the flow—the flood.

Human Nature Can Nevertheless be Boring.

It can be said of Verona Harris, however—she is the heroine of Miss Angela du Maurier's first novel, "The Perplexed Heart" (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)—that she never once tried to keep nature in check. In fact, she wallowed in it.

And so, half-way through her autobiography, she became very nearly the complete bore. I once knew a man who, when alone with you, was always ready to tell you the full story of the women who had not been able to resist his charm. Revelations concerning the first half-dozen won a mild interest. When he came to the twenty-sixth or so, you were seized by an irresistible desire to get up and take the dog out for a walk. It was, for me, much the same with Verona. When she died, appropriately of consumption, I enjoyed my cup of tea all the more. Her first husband, Maxwell Harris, a wealthy Socialist, died, and Kit, Verona's cousin, who tells part of her story, informs us that Maxwell was the only man she ever really loved. So she married Freddie Bilton. Their marriage was not a success in the long run, and when Freddie at last went off with another woman I wondered why he had not thought of that before! But he was well-meaning and rather dull. Then Verona fell under the spell of Neil Conway, a famous dramatist and almost a professional seducer. Mrs. Conway was a gem of a woman for such a man. She let him sleep out; she even seemed to encourage him; but when he returned to her she was her own sweet self, because, apparently, she knew that in the happier modern marriages the bed, so to speak, doesn't matter. Conway, as he did all his victims, discarded Verona after a time, though they remained friends. This made her very ill, and while she was convalescing Kit encouraged her to write the story of her life for her own interest and amusement. Here Verona herself takes up her own tale. Here, too, she begins to wallow.

Heartbroken by Conway's cooling-off, she seeks to console herself with a young Italian of astonishing beauty (strangely enough, the most convincing and vivid part of the story). Then, after his repulsively elderly and passionate mother had taken him off, Verona settles in a cottage in Cornwall. (And this is the least convincing episode of all.) Here she has an affair with the vicar, who, when he can bear it no longer—doesn't. And Verona is so grieved and astonished! Immediately afterwards he, we are led to presume, commits suicide

in a motor accident. Which also astonished me, but not half so much as the fact that for months a strange woman in trousers and the vicar had been alone in each other's houses all day and until late at night without anybody writing to the bishop! Maybe modern and, alas! now humanly vandalised Cornwall is used to that kind of thing—even in its vicars! Verona's next affair is with a convicted financier, out of gaol after having served a sentence of ten years, whom, in the spirit of altruism, she befriends and defends in the face of an outraged company of tourists on a liner returning from India. Here again, however, she gets mixed up with the man's son—and there is yet another tragedy.

So perhaps it was as well for all concerned that soon afterwards Verona dies in a nursing home, surrounded by flowers,

and her ashes are scattered over the Downs. Well, I tried to feel sorry, but I simply couldn't. It is so difficult to weep and yawn. Verona's love-affairs—if you can call them love-affairs—

were so hectic in performance and so meagre in real emotion. But I will say this: Miss du Maurier has cleverly caught the atmosphere in which such carryings-on—and that is how they would be properly described if they took place in a kitchen—flower and flourish, and are even admired by some, horticulturally speaking, as "a blaze of colour."

An Exciting Story.

"Pawn in the Game" (Collins; 7s. 6d.),

by J. L. Hardy, is very much better than an ordinary thriller. Really it is not a thriller at all in the accepted form of thrills, but it is quite as exciting. With one exception, its characters are real men and women whose actions are inspired by ordinary human motives. The one exception is the villainess, the beautiful,

capricious, self-willed Lady Inez Merson. She indeed is tuppence-coloured. It is the enmity of this lady towards Howard Jerome, first officer of a large passenger liner returning from the East, which sets the story off towards its exciting climax. The liner is wrecked, and in the panic two lascars are shot. Jerome is innocent, but nevertheless he is found guilty of manslaughter. He suffers a light sentence,

but, of course, his career is finished. He and his charming young wife are ruined. Consequently they are grateful to accept the apparently kindly offer to become butler and cook in the family of Lady Inez's brother, Duncan, who, in reality, is the real murderer. In a roundabout way Jerome discovers the truth, and it is at this moment when he and his wife, undecided as yet how to act, become drawn into the meshes of a huge spying plot—two pawns in the game.

Here it is that the excitement and suspense become more and more acute. And both are splendidly sustained until the thrilling climax at the end. This, then, is something much better than a thriller, though, indeed, it thrills. It is a well-written tale of exciting adventures which are quite credible and so the more absorbing.



Lenore

MADAME JEAN BOROTRA

Most attractive wife of a man who is, if possible, more popular in England than he is in his own land, France. Win or lose at his star game, lawn tennis, Jean Borotra always wears a smile that will not rub off. Mme. Borotra is a sister of Count John de Bendor, who last year married Lady Patricia Douglas, Lord Queensberry's daughter



EXPECTATION !



REALISATION !

CONCERNING GOLF :: By HENRY LONGHURST

IT was bound to happen, of course. Nothing could stop it. No sooner do the professionals competing in the Midland Championship, and at the same time in the qualifying rounds of the *Daily Mail* tournament, fail to go round Woodhall Spa in the lower sixties than some of the newspaper scribes inform us that this is one in the eye for the "We-want-to-alter-the-ball" brigade. How little they can have known about that excellent golf course! Frankly, I have only been once to Woodhall, when perhaps I may have seen it at its best. At any rate, I have retained ever since the impression that it must be one of the best inland links in Britain. They tell me that it is inclined to dry up in summer-time, and that may be so. All I know is that it was in lovely order when I played there.

Woodhall is a little oasis of ideal golfing country in the flat heart of Lincolnshire—heather, silver birch and bracken—and is served by an elementary, old-fashioned club-house of a kind that I personally find attractive in these days of semi-converted mansions. Its chief charm to the discriminating golfer is the satisfaction to be gained by playing it well, and in this respect it resembles Bramshot. Get your par figure on some of our more spacious inland courses and you retire from the green with the sentiment that any fool could have got a four. At Woodhall or at Bramshot the par figures always seem value for money, even if you have only had a mashie-niblick for your second. This, of course, is a tribute largely to the architect, in this case Colonel Hotchkin. Fashions in golf architecture change with the times. Given the same opportunity to-day, for instance, Mr. Herbert Fowler would assuredly not have laid out the Old Course at Walton Heath as he did forty years ago, when he rode out into the bracken on his horse and drove seven holes in a dead straight line. Now, by common consent, they are breaking up the monotony of this long, uphill slog, and Walton will be all the better for a little variety. The Old Course at St. Andrews, again, could scarcely be contemplated in its present form by a modern architect.

I do not know the age of Woodhall Spa, but when Colonel Hotchkin laid it out he was certainly in advance of his time, for it remains to-day exactly the type of course that so many clubs are spending thousands of pounds in alterations in order to procure. The diagonal carry, I recall, plays a prominent part in the architecture of Woodhall—to me an ideal feature of golf-course construction. Let a man bite off as much as he thinks he can chew, and if he attempts too much the more fool he. From my limited

experience—I have played on about twenty courses over there—I fancy the Americans make wider use of the diagonal carry than perhaps we do over here, but it is not a point I should argue very strongly. The most notable instance in Britain is probably the opening tee-shot at Machrihanish, one of the most fearsome strokes ever devised for the quailing early-morning golfer. From a tee elevated a few feet from the beach, you drive across a bay of the Atlantic. The flag is near to the shore, away on the left, and if you cut off enough of the bay you can make it in two shots. You can attempt anything from fifty to three hundred yards.

Until the ball is reduced in length the low-handicap player will be compelled to play the rather futile drive-and-a-pitch game for about eight months of the year, except on special championship courses, where he has to trudge about 8000 yards to obtain the same shots that were to be had from 6400 yards at the end of the war. Granted an "intelligent" course like Woodhall, the boredom of these 120-yard second shots is much reduced.

Which reminds me—I don't know why—that I have received gratifying support for a suggestion I made the other day that we should altogether abolish tee-boxes. These seem to me a complete anachronism. Nobody uses them—when did you last see a man tee his ball on a pinch of sand?—they are often unsightly; they are a confounded nuisance to the green-keeping staff, who have to go round two or three times a week and change, in extreme cases, no fewer than fifty-four of

them. "There's nothing I should like to do more," said the secretary of one of London's better-known clubs to me the other day, "than to get rid of them. They cost me six pounds a year to paint and nobody uses them as anything but waste-paper baskets!"

My main object in suggesting the abolition of all tee-boxes is to induce every player to get the best out of the course. I would not mark any of the tees in any way. It would be up to the player with the honour at each hole to choose which of the numerous bare tees it would be most fitting to drive from—bad grammar, perhaps, but good sense. Let the long fellows take the trouble to walk all the way to the back tee: the short men will find the game more pleasing if they play from the forward tee. On competition days, of course, a peg would mark the tee for the day. You would spread the wear and tear of your tees more evenly, though at short holes you might have to rope off one temporarily if it became too popular, and I do honestly believe you would give everyone a more entertaining game.



"I say, Mr. Secretary, don't you ever treat your worms?"
 "Certainly; what'll you have?"

WHEN SOLDIERS SCRAP



CELEBRITIES AT THE ARMY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS—BY "MEL"

Service Newspapers, Limited, which is a body that deals with Service journals, of which Mr. G. N. Ketcheson is advertising director, held a dinner at 8, Chesterfield Gardens, W., before the finals of the Army Boxing Championships at the Royal Albert Hall recently. In the above picture, "Mel" has taken for his subjects some of the guests who were at this dinner, and others who are connected in one way or another with the Army or the Army Boxing Associations. There is no doubt that an evening spent watching Army Boxing, both Regulars and Territorials, is well spent, because the contests are cleanly fought out to the bitter end and business is meant all the way. This year's championships well sustained the tradition of the past

AT CHELTENHAM

The Opening Day

MR. JOHN NELSON, GRENADIERS,
AND LADY ROMAYNE CECILLADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN, MISS GILLIAN
STRUTT AND MISS VIRGINIA BRANDTHE HON. MRS. CHARLES WOOD
AND ALATHEA LADY MANTONLADY MOUNTGARRET WITH MAJOR KEITH
MENZIES, FROM BEAUFORTSHIRELADY SYBIL PHIPPS AND HER VERY TALL
DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER, MISS CLARE PHIPPSTWO MORE IN THE PADDOCK:
CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. HARTMAN

But for four fatal accidents to horses, which naturally cast rather a shadow over the proceedings, the opening day of Cheltenham's National Hunt meeting of 1939 was excellent value. Racing proved consistently interesting, though the result of the National Hunt Handicap 'Chase threw no further light on Aintree, for none of the nine Grand National horses was in the first three. The cheerful look of Lord and Lady Exeter's younger daughter, who is with Lady Jane Nelson's husband, suggests that she backed Masquery, winner at 10 to 1. As regards the fashion stakes, tweeds provided the usual big entry. Lady Anne Bridgeman, Lord Cowdray's affianced, showed off red and blue checks; Lord and Lady Halifax's daughter-in-law had chosen much the same colour scheme; Lady Sybil Phipps, sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, was in canary yellow, and Miss Clare Phipps, one of the tallest of débutantes, wore a beige-and-brown suit under her short fur coat. Miss Gillian Strutt, outstanding in bright red cloth, is Mr. and Mrs. Edward Strutt's only daughter



Cecil Beaton

**THREE BEAUTIFUL SISTERS: LADY NUNBURNHOLME, LADY KATHLEEN STANLEY
AND THE MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON**

To find in one family a lovelier and more distinguished-looking trio than the daughters of the Marquess of Bath would surely be an almost impossible task. Lady Kathleen Stanley, wife of Lt.-Colonel the Hon. Oliver Stanley (of Alderley), is the eldest. She lives in Anglesey and is the mother of four sons, aged from seventeen to rising eight. Lady Northampton, who comes next in seniority, has been married to the sixth Marquess of Northampton since 1921, and has two stately Midland homes, Castle Ashby and Compton Wynyates. Lady Nunburnholme, the youngest of these beautiful sisters, was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to H.M. The Queen in 1937. She and her racehorse-owner husband and their family of three live at Arthingworth Manor, in the Pytchley country

AT THE JUMPING GAME IN COUNTY KILDARE



MAJOR J. H. DUDGEON AND MRS.
NANCY CONNELL AT THE HARRIERS
POINT-TO-POINT



MRS. HARRY BEASLEY AND SON BOBBY ALSO
AT THE HARRIERS' MEETING



AT THE NAAS STEEPLECHASES: LORD
AND LADY CAREW OF CASTLETOWN
CONSULTING THEIR CARDS



ALSO AT THE NAAS MEETING: CAPTAIN GUY
GOUGH AND SIR ERNEST GOFF



LIKEWISE THE MARCHESA
MALASPINA



KILDARE DIANAS: MISS JOAN
MANLY AND MISS S. MEYERS

They were very busy at the jumping business in Kildare the week-end these pictures were taken, the North Kildare Harriers being in action with their point-to-point up in the north of the county near Maynooth, and the more important jumping meeting at Naas was on farther south. The Master of the Harriers (Mrs. A. H. Connell) is with her huntsman (amateur), Major Dudgeon, late Greys, and former captain of the British Army jumping team. Mrs. Harry Beasley is the wife of one of the renowned steeplechasing family, and a daughter-in-law of the Harry Beasley who won our Grand National on Comeaway in 1891. Tom Beasley, his brother, rode the winners of three Nationals—Empress, Woodbrook, and Frigate. Lady Carew, seen with husband at Naas, has unfortunately been kept out of the saddle recently, owing to a fall out hunting. Captain Guy Gough (60th R. of O.) is heir-presumptive to the Gough viscounty, and Sir Ernest Goff, who is with him, is one of Ireland's best G.R.s. The charming Marchesa Malaspina is the wife of the Secretary to the Italian Legation in Dublin. Last picture on the page is of two of Ireland's best lady riders, who nowadays have to take on the men at point-to-point 'chases on even terms. No quarter given or expected

Photos: Poole, Dublin

IN JAMAICA'S VERY GOOD SUN



AT CASA BLANCA: AIR VICE-MARSHAL
NORMAN McEWEN, MRS. ELLIOTT AND
LT.-COL. RALPH HOPE-VERE



CAPTAIN DENNIS TOPHAM AND
MR. GEORGE DUNSCOMBE



MORE CASA BLANCA: MR. AND MRS. PETER
VISCHER AND MISS CYNTHIA ELLIOT TAKING
THE AIR



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ARCHIE CRABBE
AND SON JOCK

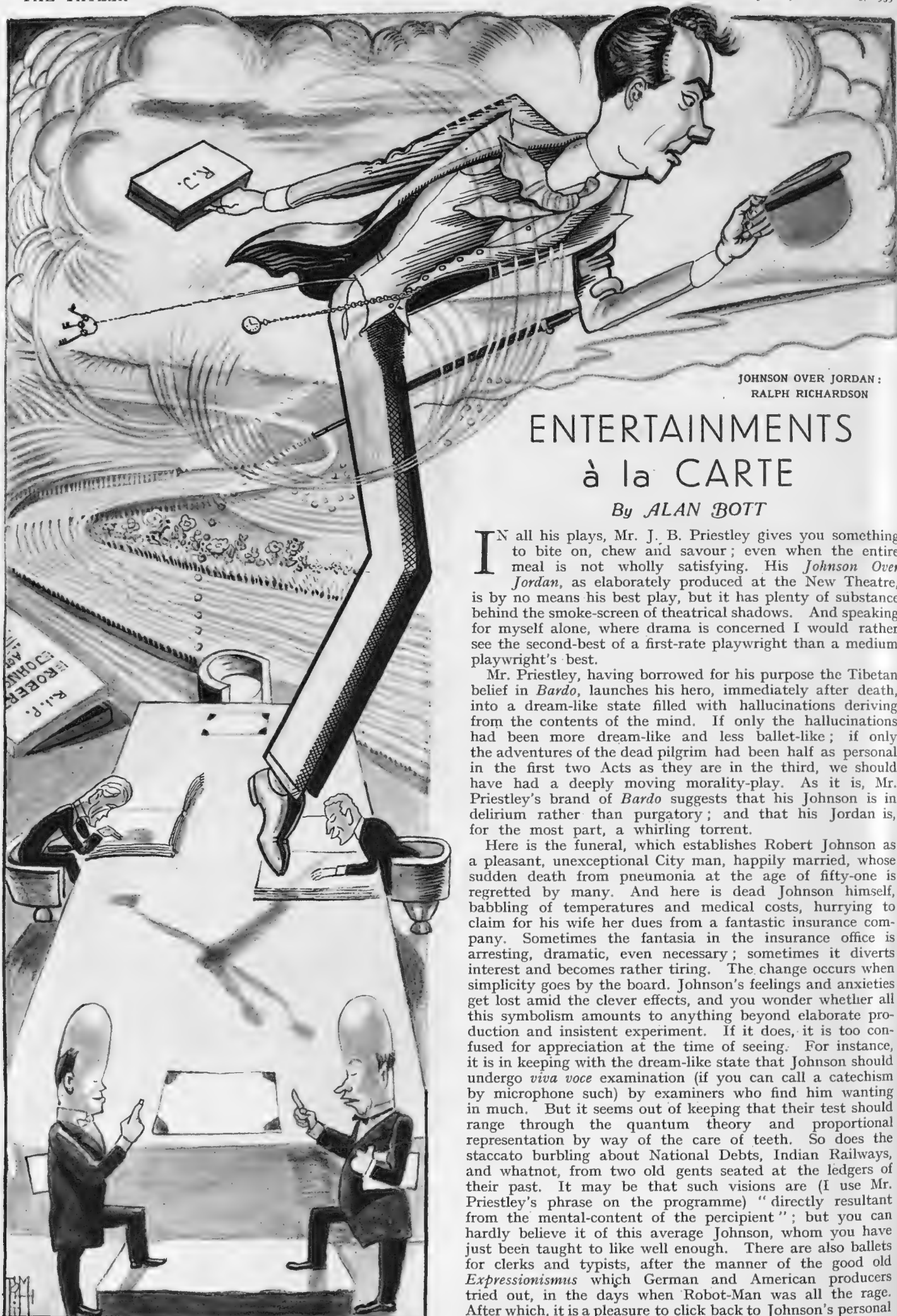


KNEE-DEEP IN THE BRINY:
MR. AND MRS. R. L. M. KIRKWOOD



MRS. "BUNT" PEASE AND MAJOR-GENERAL
RUSSELL LUCKOCK

The principal preoccupation at the time these pictures were taken was bathing, sun and otherwise, and both extremely super. In less recent times there was the fascinating background of the Spanish Main and bottles of rum on the dead man's chest as a frame for an always fascinating picture. As to a catalogue of the pictures, Mrs. Elliott is seen with Colonel Hope-Vere, who claims French descent, as his mother was a granddaughter of the Duc de Montebello; Captain Topham, browsing with Mr. George Dunscombe at Montego Bay, N.W. of Island, was in the Coldstream. Mr. Dunscombe is as well known in the U.S.A. as he is in England. He is stated to prefer Nile Green for his shorts. Miss Elliot is a kinswoman of the house of Minto. Mr. Peter Vischer knows all about polo and writes very well about it. Captain Crabbe, seen with charming wife, who is a French-Canadian, is in the Scots Guards (R. of O.). Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood were snapped at Montego, and he is taking a well-earned rest after hard work in the Jamaican Labour crisis, in which, as manager of the Tate and Lyle estates, he was much concerned. He is a cousin of Sir Archibald Lyle. Major-General Luckock, seen with Mrs. Pease, whose husband owns an attractive plantation near Montego, retired from the Army last year

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN:
RALPH RICHARDSON

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

IN all his plays, Mr. J. B. Priestley gives you something to bite on, chew and savour; even when the entire meal is not wholly satisfying. His *Johnson Over Jordan*, as elaborately produced at the New Theatre, is by no means his best play, but it has plenty of substance behind the smoke-screen of theatrical shadows. And speaking for myself alone, where drama is concerned I would rather see the second-best of a first-rate playwright than a medium playwright's best.

Mr. Priestley, having borrowed for his purpose the Tibetan belief in *Bardo*, launches his hero, immediately after death, into a dream-like state filled with hallucinations deriving from the contents of the mind. If only the hallucinations had been more dream-like and less ballet-like; if only the adventures of the dead pilgrim had been half as personal in the first two Acts as they are in the third, we should have had a deeply moving morality-play. As it is, Mr. Priestley's brand of *Bardo* suggests that his Johnson is in delirium rather than purgatory; and that his Jordan is, for the most part, a whirling torrent.

Here is the funeral, which establishes Robert Johnson as a pleasant, unexceptional City man, happily married, whose sudden death from pneumonia at the age of fifty-one is regretted by many. And here is dead Johnson himself, babbling of temperatures and medical costs, hurrying to claim for his wife her dues from a fantastic insurance company. Sometimes the fantasia in the insurance office is arresting, dramatic, even necessary; sometimes it diverts interest and becomes rather tiring. The change occurs when simplicity goes by the board. Johnson's feelings and anxieties get lost amid the clever effects, and you wonder whether all this symbolism amounts to anything beyond elaborate production and insistent experiment. If it does, it is too confused for appreciation at the time of seeing. For instance, it is in keeping with the dream-like state that Johnson should undergo *viva voce* examination (if you can call a catechism by microphone such) by examiners who find him wanting in much. But it seems out of keeping that their test should range through the quantum theory and proportional representation by way of the care of teeth. So does the staccato burbling about National Debts, Indian Railways, and whatnot, from two old gents seated at the ledgers of their past. It may be that such visions are (I use Mr. Priestley's phrase on the programme) "directly resultant from the mental-content of the percipient"; but you can hardly believe it of this average Johnson, whom you have just been taught to like well enough. There are also ballets for clerks and typists, after the manner of the good old *Expressionismus* which German and American producers tried out, in the days when *Robot-Man* was all the rage. After which, it is a pleasure to click back to Johnson's personal pilgrimage through the labyrinth of mind and memory, until an engaging Incinerator Man, who turns out to be Death (or a

(ABOVE) STAFFORD HILLIARD, TARVER PENNER.
(BELOW) LAWRENCE BASKCOMB, GEORGE HAYES

Mr. Priestley's Bardo

Crematorium Charon), lets him through the incinerator, which turns out to be the door to a peculiar night-club.

Here, the questing beast in the depths of Johnson's mind leaps from long sleep; and lust is everywhere. There would appear to be no essential reason why Johnson, having turned to lust, must descend into extremes of vulgarity: calling for hot-spots and bright lights, pawing at girls' flesh. And, again, we are diverted for what Johnson is and was by extravagant presentation. All the night-club people leer through masks: vulpine, porcine, rat-like, gorillan, horrible. They dance like automatons, talk like obscene fools. Well, the infernal revue is well done, and emphasises the dullness of vice. Johnson, meanwhile, dives deeper into symbolism by buying a young girl and stabbing a young man, who beneath their masks are his own son and daughter. Thereafter, he is comforted in carnal hell by his guide; and with his translation to the Inn at the End of the World, *Expressionismus* fades out in favour of Mr. Priestley's essential humanity.

In this quiet place, remembered joys materialise in brief parade: from boyhood, the pantomime-comic, the century-making cricketer, the outsize heroes in books; from young manhood, his wife as she was when they met at a dance, and when they were on honeymoon; from later, their children at a window. Sentimental? Yes, but good, firm sentiment, and in any case sentiment bulks large in the Johnsons of this world. And now it is time to go, to a destination unknown even to the Landlord. Turning from the warm past, Johnson buttons up his greatcoat, takes his attaché-case, walks out, fearful but resolute, into the cold, blue-black void. And that, ladies and gentlemen is a terrific, a truly dramatic instant, finely conceived, finely produced, beautifully acted by Mr. Ralph Richardson with doom in his eye and courage in his mien. *Johnson Over Jordan* deserved good fortune for Mr. Richardson's moving and excellent performance of a long and very exacting rôle; for the play's vitality and intelligence, which survive the restless manner of its presentation; and for the grandeur of its ending. Miss Edna Best, Miss Victoria Hopper, and Mr. Christopher Quest were persuasive members of the Johnson family; Mr. Richard Ainley was fairly impressive as the guide and landlord; the dancer by Miss Sepha Treble and the pantomime-comic by Mr. R. Meadows White stood out among a large host of accessory bits and pieces.

At the time of going to press, negotiations are taking place to transfer this play to another theatre.

(ON RIGHT) PHANTASMAGORIA. (BELOW) HENRY HALLATT, LARRY SILVERSTONE, B. MARSH DUNN, LAWRENCE BASKCOMB, R. MEADOWS WHITE, EDNA BEST



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—The seventeenth annual Gala of the Union des Artistes, which took place recently with all its customary *éclat*, was enhanced this year by the *entente cordiale* note that was very warming to the cockles of ye ancient heart, whatever them-same cockles may be. Even the long wait outside the Cirque d'Hiver at midnight while an emergency squad of charladies (that may have been gentlemen!) cleared up the worst of the orange-peel-banana-skin litter left by the ornery Saturday evening patrons, and gave the circus a hasty once-over with mop and bucket, seemed less tedious than usual. One heard almost as much English as French spoken in the compact crowd of well-known people that waited patiently on the steps of the flag-draped main entrance. Union Jacks predominated and we pretended not to notice that some were flown upside down—the spirit of the decorators was willing, but their knowledge was weak; and, after all, to the uninitiated one way looks as good as t' other. My quarrel, if any, is solely with my large but saft acquaintance M. Martinelli, who does not seem to have learned much from his trip to London a few weeks ago, and who, as President of the Union des Artistes, might have taken the trouble to correct the printing of a programme that announced the appearance of the "Scot's" Guards with "Pipper" Major Robertson.

That it also announced "Lady Elizabeth Browning" and "Lady Charlotte Brontë" (played by a tall and dashing actress who dressed the part with extravagant jewels and an elaborated evening *toilette*) was probably the outcome of a desire to do things handsomely; but to discover Sir Henry Irving and Robert Louis Stevenson set down as plain "Irwing" and "Stevenson," and to see Lord Roberts of Kandahar impersonated by one of the fattest and tallest actors on the French stage, was slightly disconcerting. Gaby Morlay was, of course, a very lovely young Victoria Regina, but one was surprised to see her arrive *en garçon*, if one may be permitted the expression! Where, oh where was Albert's stalwart arm that should have been there to catch her when she tripped up over the coconut matting of the arena as she walked to the Royal Box? Mme. Mary Marquet was a very lovely Ellen Terry, but I am sure that if M. Martinelli had questioned Mr. James Agate on the subject, he would have discovered that Ellen Terry was, quite definitely, not six feet tall—*especially in 1848!*

Perhaps I am ungracious to cavil over such details instead of saying at once how greatly I enjoyed the whole of a very brilliant spectacle. There were lovely women and gorgeous lads a-plenty, to say nothing of the 'osses. There was Harry Baur, f'rinstance, wearing the brass-buttoned blue livery of M. Loyal, the ringmaster, who put a lovely little gee-gee through its paces. Strictly between ourselves, Très Cher, it was really the horse, aided by the orchestra, that did everything, but Harry cracked the whip convincingly and was nimble at getting out of the way in the nick o' time, so what more could anybody want? Jeanne Aubert, looking charming in the long, clinging riding-habit of the 'eighties, presented "*six chevaux en liberté*." That the "horses" were hidden under the hood of a small car piloted by an invisible chauffeur was a good joke that we appreciated to the full when—a Rabelaisian touch—a *valet de piste* got busy with pan and brush after the car followed Jeanne from the arena. José Noguero, who wore a transparent layer of luminous paint, supplied by Elizabeth Arden, and the most exiguous trunks I have ever seen anywhere except on the Riviera, performed hair-raising acrobatics on a trapeze high above the circus,



JACQUELINE DELUBAC AND LOUISE CARLETTI IN "LA LOI SACRÉE"

In this new film which G. W. Pabst is preparing in Paris, Louise Carletti plays the rôle of Jacqueline Delubac's daughter. She is seen lying in a steel "lung," an exact replica of the one at the American hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine

BACK-STAGE WITH THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Madeleine Renaud, who takes the part of Jacqueline in Alfred de Musset's *Le Chandelier*, which was one of the plays performed by the Comédie Française Company during their wonderful but too-short season at the Savoy. During the interval at the Gala performance, at which their Majesties were present, she had the honour of being presented. It is hoped the company will take back with them to Paris pleasant memories of their stay in this country

and Suzanne Dantès again this year did alarming things swinging twenty feet above the arena, before finishing off with "the leap of death" that sent her swinging into space by her feet. She performed without a net, and we sat and quaked.

When at last she made a safe landing, the relieved spectators shrieked themselves horse (spell it this way, O Printer! in honour of the circus), and stripped the flower-decked boxes, flinging great masses of scarlet tulips and golden mimosa down into the arena, that was thus suddenly carpeted with the flag of Spain. *Vive Franco!* Maurice Chevalier, accompanied by the Jo Bouillon jazz, "obliged," and gave an excellent imitation of a whirling dervish in his effort to face the whole of the audience at once. His success held up the show for five minutes. Cécilia Navarre was a dashing little Cossack girl on an equally dashing pony; Mariette de Rawera, of the Comédie Française, and Escande, whom you have just seen in London, did an excellent juggling number, following a song-and-dance. All the most sensational "turns" were performed by actresses well over the thirty mark. Our younger "stars," such as Danielle Darrieux and Corinne Luchaire, sat on their little behinds in the best boxes trying to look soulful *à la Garbo*, but only achieving an air that was a mixture of discontent and bad temper! Poor brats, bless 'em! • PRISCILLA.

MONTE CARLO IN
A GALA HUMOURAT THE SPORTING CLUB: MAJOR
AND MRS. CHARLES CARLOS CLARKEDINING TOGETHER: LADY STERN
AND MAJOR FRANK GOLDSMITHTHE COMTESSE DE SALVERTÉ
AND THE FAMOUS SACHA GUITRYLORD PORTARLINGTON AND
MRS. MICHAEL STRATTONMISS KAY STAMMERS AND
MR. TEDDY PHILLIPSSIR ALFRED AND LADY READ
ARRIVE TOGETHER

The Sporting Club threw one of its special gala parties the night that these pictures were captured, and all Monte's brightest lights flocked to support. The camera caught just these few. Major "Charlie" Clarke, who used to be so well known Leicestershire way, is with his wife, one of the Garland sisters, who was formerly the Comtesse de Pret-Roose, and Major Frank Goldsmith was "shot" when sitting next to Sir Albert Stern's wife, who is a sister of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis. Major Goldsmith has many important hotel interests, especially on the Riviera. Rumour has it that Sacha Guitry is very shortly to be married a third time, the bride-elect being nineteen-year-old Mlle. Geneviève de St. Jean. Mrs. Stratton, gazing complacently into the camera with Lord Portarlington, is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Edmund and Lady Evelyn Drummond, she being a daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde. Miss Kay Stammers is on the Riviera for her special game, which it is hardly necessary to specify, and Mr. Teddy Phillips for his, which is polo. Sir Alfred Read, with very charming wife, is a big personality in the shipping world, and amongst other things Chairman of the British and Irish Steam Packet Company

THE BICESTER HUNT

RACES AT SOMERTON



MR. F. E. WITHINGTON AND MRS. R. E. FIELD-MARSHAM, WIFE OF THE JOINT-MASTER



WINNING LADY:
MISS B. KERWOOD



MISS DIANA RADCLIFFE DISCUSSES THE
RUNNERS WITH MR. G. WILSON



THEIR SETTER CAME TOO: MR. ROBERT
AND MRS. (DOROTHY HYSN) DOUGLAS



LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY GOING
DOWN TO THE START



LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM AND THE
HON. MRS. C. V. JACKSON

Though it rained heavily while the Bicester and Warden Hill were holding their Point-to-Point meeting at Somerton, no one appeared to be under the weather; certainly not Les Girls, who gathered fifteen strong to ride for their lives in the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race. The winner, Miss B. Kerwood, on Hampton Lad, had every reason to feel pleased, for she beat by two lengths Mrs. Sydney Parker and Tellnell—a renowned Point-to-Point combination. Miss B. Muir, another race-riding force to be reckoned with, was third on Blizzard. Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy had the mount on Knockmill, owned by the Hon. Peter Wood, Joint-Master of the Tiverton. Lord Newborough's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Jackson, who was also having a brave go, comes from the Warwickshire country. Lady Rosemary Gresham now makes her home in the Cotswolds. The camera let fly at Mrs. Field-Marsham (her husband and General Courage are the popular Bicester Masters) while she was talking to one of the stewards. The presence of stage stars Robert Douglas and his wife added a definite fillip to the day



A note from the course—
WILLS' GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S
CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE



WAITING FOR THE BOAT RACE BY OLIVER REED

By ERNEST

It is so often said that times change and we change in them ; but it is only half true, and Boat Race Day, in the times when the young Queen Victoria who wore funny whiskers and some beards, in a doubtless laudable desire to look sedate. But the rest is much the same with the exception that the murder play of *Punch and Judy* is not dead—there are still alas, one-legged men to arouse our sympathy and compassion, and there are still performers on April 1, and it may be as well to remind readers that an attempt to obtain an each way bet on either Oxford or Cambridge



BARNES BRIDGE IN VICTORIAN TIMES

PRATER

and the Prince Consort attended it, was not so very different to what it is today, except for a few crinolines, some quaint toppers and young gentlemen
crowds are multiplied by at least a thousand. The industrious operator with the three cards, one of which is the lady, is still to be found—the mass
ners of many other kinds who do their best to wile away those tense moments before the cry is “Here they come!” This year’s race is rowed on
is likely to meet with as little success on that date as it has upon any other upon which the great race has been rowed

CIGARETTES
by
ABDULLA

TURKISH
EGYPTIAN
AND
VIRGINIAN

AT ALL LEADING
TOBACCONISTS



Going **PLACES THE DAFFODIL WOOD**

Down among the daffodils Amaryllis wanders
Listening enchanted to the shrill bird cries—
Gazing like a wood nymph where the young Year squanders
Drifts of golden treasure under pale March skies.

Brilliant fairy candles all aglow with beauty,
Daffodils in thousands set the wood alight—
Slender Amaryllis, with her shining booty,
Adds divine Abdulla to the Spring's delight.

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
ABDULLA & CO. LTD., 173 NEW BOND STREET, W.1



EDWIGE FEUILLERE AND ERICH VON STROHEIM IN THE SPY THRILLER AT THE BERKELEY



INA CLAIRE IN "I TAKE THIS WOMAN"

The big news in connection with this film *Marthe Richard au Service de la France* is that Edwige Feuillere, who came over for the première, on March 13, was an actual spy in the employment of the French Secret Service during the war. Both her father and mother were shot by the Germans when they overran Belgium. Erich von Stroheim, the famous German film actor, is her opposite number in this exciting story. Ina Claire has returned to Hollywood after five years' absence, and in *I Take This Woman*, plays opposite Spencer Tracy. Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray are teamed-up in the new film, *Café Society*



MADELEINE CARROLL AND FRED MacMURRAY IN "CAFÉ SOCIETY"



AT THE FEATHERS CLUBS' SOCCER FINAL

In the final of the Feathers Clubs' Association Soccer contest—fought out at the Empire Stadium, Wembley—the Four Feathers Club beat the Three Feathers three to nothing, and Lord Ratendone, Lord Willingdon's son and heir, left of the line above, gave away the Rootes Cup to the winners. Names after Lord Ratendone, the Marquesa de Casa Maury (the former Mrs. Dudley Ward), Mr. A. J. Elvin, and the Marquis de Casa Maury, of Curzon Cinema fame

LATEST Weather Forecast: A slight depression to the south-east, accompanied by a spot of thunder and lightning, will cause unsettled weather for the next two months, but will eventually fill up and be succeeded by a calmer period. Wind freshening, but never quite reaching gale force. Sea rough enough to make some people a bit sickish. Temperature distinctly higher than of late. Outlook promising, in spite of anything anyone in Spezia, or anywhere else may say.

Realising how very dangerous it is to say that anything is *vis à vis* anything else in these times when every wall has at least one ear, these following observations about Asking Price and Selling Price must not be taken to apply



WITH THE QUORN AT QUENIBOROUGH

Major and Mrs. Ronald Kaye were at home to the Quorn for this tryst in their Friday country. Host on the right; others from the left: Mrs. George Crawford, Mrs. Arthur Fitzgerald, and the Quorn Master, Sir Harold Nutting, who probably has not had a better lot of hounds in kennel than he has this season

Pictures in the Fire



WELL-KNOWN AT LINGFIELD 'CHASES

Sir Humphrey de Trafford, whose Underbid is one of those, people are fancying for the National, with his nephew, the Hon. Richard Stanley, who is a son of the late Lord Stanley and a grandson of Lord Derby

to anything in particular. The method is like this, and it is one very well known in the East and not-quite-so-East. You start by asking 100 (that is a convenient unit). You are laughed to scorn. You come back a day or two later and say "50." You are again told to go and boil yourself. A few days later you come back and say "25." "Give you 10!" says the other person. "Take it marshter! Give me 15." "Go to blazes!" says he. "And now I'll only give you 5!" "Protector of the poor and son of Heaven, it is yours!" Bargain concluded.

Lord Middleton's intensely interesting reminiscences, a few of which have been published in the *Times* as a forerunner to appearance in book-form, ought to be a great aid to the makers of the projected Kitchener film, and I suggest the following passage in particular should be illuminative:

A new *cheval de bataille* appeared on the scene. The arrival of Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief reacted promptly on nerves already overstrained. Curzon had set his heart on getting Kitchener appointed. Although Curzon did not know it, I had, on strong public grounds, done all in my power to prevent Kitchener going till Curzon had left India. No one in the Cabinet knew either of the men as well as I did, and I would have wagered half my fortune that there would be a clash between them.

It was indeed a case of "when two strong men stand face to face"! There was, however, a third, and even a fourth, strong man round and about at that time. One of them was the Metropolitan in India who



SWEET DREAMLAND FACES AT THE RUSKIN ARTS BALL, OXFORD

This gay party was thrown by the Ruskin School of Drawing at the Randolph, Oxford. Here are, l. to r.: Miss Leslie Faulkner, Mr. John Hyde (an Angel), Miss Pamela Bankart (Nightmare of Schools), and Mr. Michael Rennie (an Archangel)

By "SABRETACHE"



SOME MORE LINGFIELD PATRONS

The Hon. Deborah Mitford in that becoming thing, a Glengarry cap, so popular at one time with our Army, and Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell, elder daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell

had been "boys together" with Lord Curzon at Eton, and once made H.E. very cross by calling him "George" at a Viceregal Lodge luncheon in Simla. I don't think the Viceroy ever really liked Bishop Welldon after that. The other was the Lord Chief Justice of Bengal, a very good-looking man with rather a roving eye and a way with the wenches, if you know what I mean. Lord Kitchener called him "the giddy moth," and I am not at all sure that the C.J. did not rather like that designation. He was far too attractive to be safe as a grass-widower in that Venusberg, Simla! It was all most amusing, because at that particular moment Public Destroying Angel No. 1 was abroad, and she laid the Peninsula waste from Mashobra—an attractive and rather romantic spot near Simla—to the shark-infested harbour of Colombo. I called her "Belphebe," because she was a great huntress. Other people—of her own sex—called her lots of other things. But she was devastatingly magnetic.



A HEAVY LIST TO STARBOARD

The pilot on top is Mr. Converse M. Converse, who was playing for Santa Barbara in a friendly game with The Uplifters from Los Angeles. Polo is a hard game for the ponies, but many of 'em like it! Santa Barbara are entertaining our international side at an early date. Our team is having varying fortune at the moment in the trials



ROYALTY AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

Mr. Firth Shepherd, who presents the Edgar Wallace thriller, *Number Six*, showing a gun used in the play to H.R.H. the Princess Royal and her son, Lord Lascelles, whilst Gordon Harker, who is the show, also looks on. Lord Harewood is behind Mr. Firth Shepherd

International polo and the wiping-out of the long series of our defeats by America since 1914 is soon to be one of the topics of talk where the chaps do congregate. Any International contest is bound to be, because, in spite of our over-fondness for self-depreciation, we all back our own flag when it is a scrap with any other nation, even if, as in this case, a very friendly one. Three trial matches have been played against a scratch American team whose goal handicap totals 28 to our selected side's 29. The first we won 12 to 7; the second we lost 8 to 12; the third we lost 8 to 9. Our final team is not settled. Gerald Balding, our captain and principal star, has not played in any of these matches. If we thought in terms of the Turf, the form to date would be said to be a bit in and out. Personally, I do not think it is too bad, because the American side has had Holy Terror No. 1, Cecil Smith, playing for it. We may not have a great winning chance on paper, but in this game much depends upon whether Dame Fortune gets out on the right side of her bed.

(Continued on page 506)



Addison

THE UNITED BANKS SOCCER TEAM IN LAGOS, NIGERIA

People would not ordinarily connect Nigeria with football, but they play quite a bit, and this side of United bankers has been doing pretty well! They won both the Zara and the Bergeford Cups. The names are, l. to r. (front): Messrs. Alan, McCleod, Lilley, Davey, Harmer, and Christie. (Back) Messrs. Brailsford, Davies, Rose, Schunimann and Richardson



LADY PATRICIA LATHAM AND HER SON, RICHARD

A recent and very artistic study of the wife of Sir Paul Latham and their only son taken at 6, Chelsea Court. Sir Paul Latham, who has been the sitting Member for the Scarborough and Whitby Division since 1931, is the owner of historic Herstmonceux Castle, in Sussex. Lady Patricia Latham is the Earl of Drogheda's daughter by his first marriage, by which his other issue is Viscount Moore

AN Aberdonian received a bill for £2 from a local tradesman. He pondered over the account for a week and went gleefully along to settle the bill.

"Noo then," he said to the sender of the bill, "before I pay this account, ye'll have tae reduce it to one pound nineteen shillings and elevenpence."

"What's the idea?" asked the tradesman, suspiciously.

"Eh, mon," was the reply, "can ye no' use yer brains? I'll save a penny, and ye'll save tuppence. Ye'll no' need tae put a receipt stamp."

The small daughter of a racehorse owner, accustomed to stable jargon, was once, unobserved, in the room when her mother discussed the advancing age of the governess and the sad necessity of parting with her.

A little voice suddenly pleaded:

"Oh, don't send her away, Mummie! Can't you keep her for breeding?"

Pat approached the priest, a bit bashfully, as he was a rather notorious character. He wanted to make a request. "Well, Pat, and what can I be doing for ye?" asked the priest.

"Faith, yer honour, would ye do me the kindness to say a prayer for Mary Jane at Dublin?"

"Sure I will, Pat; as many as ye like."

Some days later the priest again met Pat, and asked if he wished the prayers for Mary Jane to be continued.

"Sure, not at all, yer riv'ence," came the reply, "wasn't she after winning the 2.30 yesterday at ten to one?"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

"You know," said Brown, "I honestly believe that most of our sorrows come from things that do not happen."

"You're right," replied Green, with feeling. "Some years ago I

bought a rubber plantation and lived in agonies of anxiety because we had two severe winters. I fancied that the cold would kill off the tender plants. In the third year I was informed that the trees had never been planted."

A motor-lorry was being filled with snow taken off the roads by emergency street-cleaners during the "white" week just before Christmas. Two dear old ladies were watching the proceedings with great interest.

"What do you think they do with all that snow?" asked one of them.

"Well, I don't quite know," was the reply. "It's not much use to anybody, so I suppose they'll just burn it!"

A sleepy-looking lad lounged at the entrance to a large boarding-house.

"Here, you, boy," said a fussy man to him, "where does Mr. Smith live?"

"I'll show you, sir," said the lad, and he started to climb the stairs. Up six flights he went, with the visitor toiling up behind him. Finally, he stopped at an open door.

"This is where Mr. Smith lives," announced the boy. The visitor, peering into the room, remarked: "Oh, but he doesn't seem to be at home though."

"No," replied the boy. "He was standing at the entrance as we came in."

THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



Spring 1939

Into the depths of the wardrobe go your winter dresses . . . your face, too, must discard that wintry look! Even the loveliest face is apt to emerge dull from the long winter months. So Cleanse—Tone—Nourish with Miss Arden's Essential Preparations—*Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Velva Cream* or *Orange Skin Food*. Bring beauty and vitality back to your cheeks with her incomparable *Velva Cream Masque*. Now the foundations of Spring-time loveliness are laid and you are ready for the great adventure of an Elizabeth Arden make-up.



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LADY FIONA FULLER AND MRS. M. ANSELL



MISS H. CADOGAN WALKING AROUND
WITH SIR ANTHONY PALMER



MR. MICHAEL CRICHTON, MRS. EION
MERRY AND CORGI

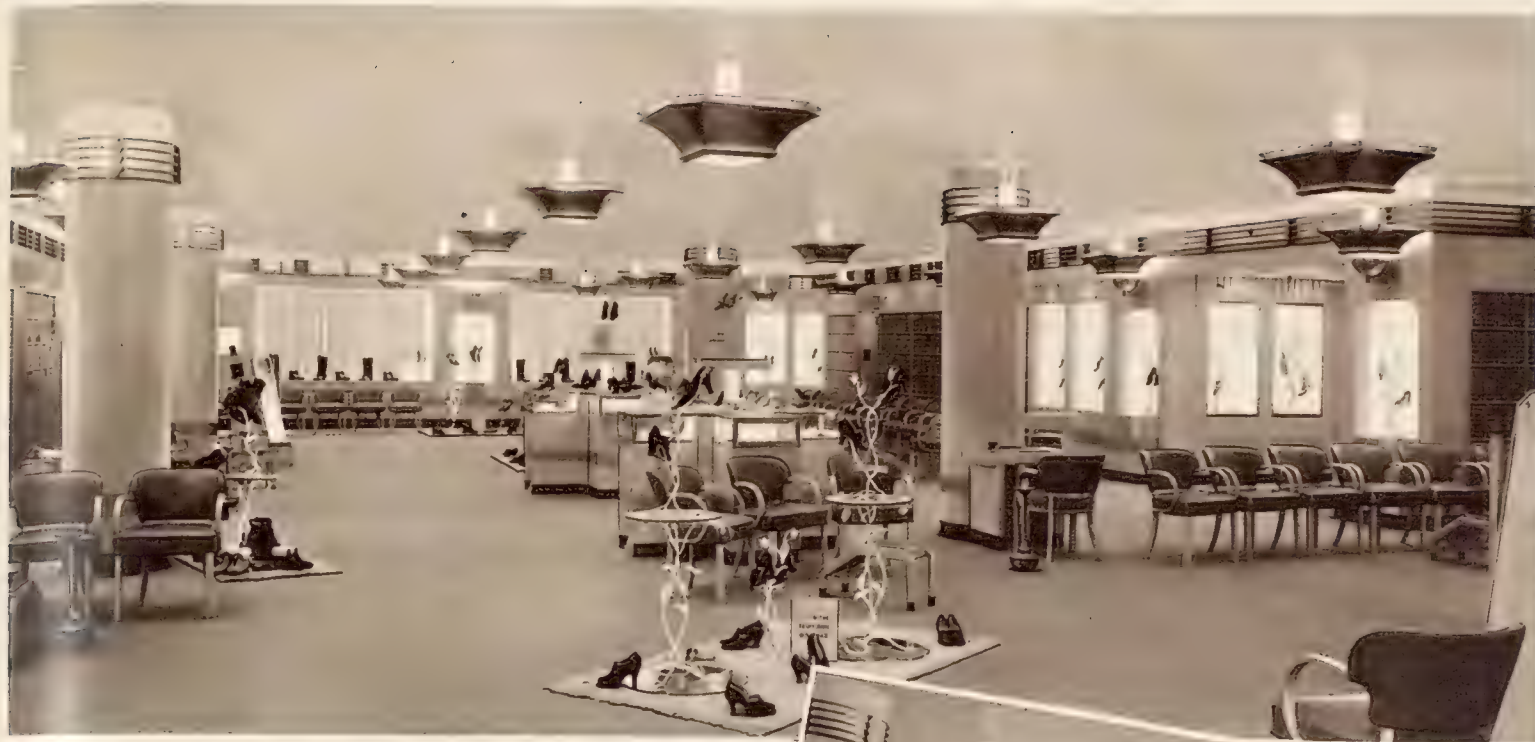


MAJOR KEITH MENZIES HAS A CHEERFUL
CONVERSATION WITH MISS ANN CAPEL



LORD AND LADY ASHLEY WITH
(CENTRE) LADY CADOGAN

being first-rate, the camera had lots of fun, though it failed to hold up His Grace, "Master" having a habit of edging away from photographic encounters. Racing was thoroughly enjoyable and sixty-four horses came under starter's orders. The Neston Park party included Captain Sir Gerard Fuller, Adjutant of the Life Guards, his wife, Lady Fiona, his youngest sister, Mrs. Michael Ansell, and his brother, Mr. Christopher Fuller. The last-named is in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, which was second in the day's Inter-Yeomanry Race, via Mr. C. C. Allan's Crested Plover; Mr. W. W. Hicks-Beach, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, was the winner on his Lady April. Lady Cadogan, down from the Grafton, re-encountered many friends made when her husband was Joint-Master of the neighbouring Cricklade. Major Lord Ashley, R.A. (T.A.), and his wife live in the Cricklade country, and Major Keith Menzies and Miss Ann Capel, daughter of Lady Westmorland, are Beaufort "regulars." Mrs. Eion Merry, the former Miss Jean Crichton, had her brother Michael with her; Mr. Crichton is in the Supplementary Reserve of the Blues, his brother-in-law's regiment



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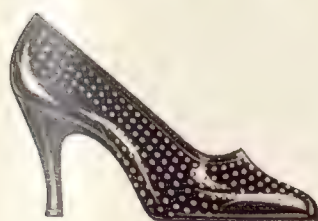
● Shoes for the Younger Set—youthful styles in all the exciting variations of to-day's whims.

● Shoes for Evening—inspired designs to complement the most beautiful of evening gowns.

● Shoes for Sports—more and more important these days—and they must be 'just right.'

● Shoes for the Matron—embodying all the modern trends in restrained, comfortable fashions.

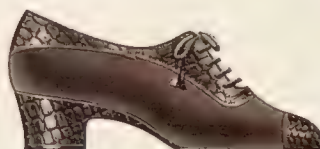
HARRODS



PATENT LEATHER COURT SHOE A light and graceful style with fashionable perforated design. Black patent also blue suède. Sizes and half-sizes 4-8. (W.S. 117) **29/6**



WALKING SHOE Low, comfortable and neat in perforated suède with calf trimming. Brown or blue. Sizes and half-sizes 4-8. (W.S. 120) **39/6**



MODIFIED WEDGE-HEEL An outstanding spring model for the 'Younger Set.' Beautifully made in suède with 'Kroko' calf. Black, blue, burgundy or brown; or white suède with blue or brown 'Kroko.' Sizes and half-sizes 4-8. (W.S. 119) **39/6**



'YOUNGER SET' SHOE Harrods popular springtime version with perforated suède vamp and neat 'Kroko' calf trimmings. Black, blue, burgundy or brown. Sizes and half-sizes 4-8. (W.S. 118) **29/6**

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER,

NEXT Saturday the Rugby season reaches its zenith. England are due to visit Scotland at Murrayfield in the match which, whatever may have happened in the previous games of the International tournament, is still the most important of them all. This year Scotland cannot win the Championship, and the best that England can hope for is to share the honours with Wales and Ireland. No one, I think, will fancy England's chance very strongly, but for all that, the Murrayfield game stands out

have made a variety of changes. When the names of the team did appear, however, it was found that there were only three alterations in the side which lost to Ireland, though it must be admitted that one of them at least was somewhat startling. Few followers of the game can have expected the omission of H. D. Freakes after his two sterling displays against Wales and Ireland. After the latter game especially, he was hailed as the safest and most sturdy of England's defenders, and even he himself may well have been surprised not to find his name on the list. Everybody will wish his successor, E. J. Parsons, of the Royal Air Force, the best of luck, and he has certainly put up some fine games for the R.A.F. It may be that he is a shade faster about the ground than the Oxford man, but his kicking is nothing like as long; nor is he so fine an exponent of the crash-tackle.

After all the rumours as to impending changes in the three-quarter line it was just a little surprising to find the same names again, and yet there was no real reason to discover any startling failings in a line which, if it has scored no tries itself, had at least been able to hold up its opposite numbers. It may be suspected that the truth is that we have but a moderate attack. Coming to the halves, it was by no means astonishing to see fresh names. T. A. Kemp, then of Cambridge, played against Ireland and Wales



THE BARBARIANS WIN THE MOBBS MEMORIAL MATCH

The Barbarians were at about their best when they met the East Midlands at Northampton in the Edgar Mobbs Memorial match, winning by 23 points to 11. W. H. Travers was the hero of the day, with J. Ellis and T. A. Kemp also playing a brilliant game; the way they combined together was a joy to watch. Five of the six English Selectors were present and were no doubt duly impressed.

The names in the group are, l. to r.: (seated) G. F. Smith (Blackheath), J. Ellis (Wakefield), S. Williams (Wales), R. M. Marshall (England), E. Morgan (Wales), W. E. N. Davies (Wales); (standing) J. R. Spear (Blackheath), J. S. Moll (Blackheath), W. Berry (England), F. G. Edwards (Leicester), W. H. Travers (Wales), T. A. Kemp (England), F. M. McRae (St. Mary's Hospital), W. M. Penman (Scotland), W. B. Young (Scotland)

on its own. The two countries are dead level in the matter of results, each side having won twenty-five matches, with ten drawn games. Last year it will be recollected that Scotland won a most decisive victory at Twickenham, their pace and dash being altogether superior to that of the home side. So pronounced was their advantage that it was obvious that England would have to find practically a new side this season.

Our Selectors clearly had their work cut out, and no one was particularly confident as to the result of the match with Wales in January. In fact, it was rather to the general surprise that England gained a narrow victory by a try to nothing, and a tendency was to attribute the result rather to the unexpected weakness of Wales than to any special virtues on the part of the Englishmen. Then came another victory by a try to nothing, but this time the boot was on the other foot, and Ireland surprised their best friends by leaving Twickenham victorious. Scotland's record, on the other hand, has been even more disappointing, for, from one reason or another, they sent an unusually poor side into Wales and were duly defeated, and then succumbed to Ireland, where, however, they made a better showing. So much was this the case that there are very few changes in the side chosen to take the field on Saturday, and there is a good deal of confidence displayed in their ability to defeat the hereditary foe.

The result of the work of the English Selectors was awaited with much more interest, and even anxiety, than usual. There were stories of all kinds going about, and had the Selectors been in the habit of being stampeded they might



Photos: Holloway

THE EAST MIDLANDS XV.: LOSERS IN THE MOBBS MEMORIAL MATCH

Northampton never possessed a greater Rugger personality than gallant Edgar Mobbs, and this annual match keeps his memory green. The East Midlands on this occasion went down 23 points to 11 in a first-class game.

The names are, l. to r.: (seated) J. B. Mahoney (N*), G. T. Dancer (B*), R. J. Longland (N.), J. G. Cook (capt.) (B.), R. Willsher (B.), O. V. Bevan (B.), A. E. Brookes (N.); (standing) R. A. Palmer (hon. treas.), C. H. Gadney (referee), T. W. Cranfield (Metropolitan Police), J. E. I. Grey (B.), M. E. Staples (B.), D. B. Coleman (B.), W. Fallowfield (N.), A. Marshall (hon. sec.), H. R. Newton (touch judge); (back row) R. Smyth (B.), A. Wood (N.), J. B. McMaster (B.). * N.=Northampton. B.=Bedford

in 1937, but failed to keep his place last year. He has come on again this season, and played very well a week or two ago against the Barbarians in partnership with his colleague to-day, J. Ellis, of Wakefield, a new cap. Ellis came very strongly into favour in two of the trials, and more than one sound judge was of opinion that a mistake had been made in passing him over. Well, he has got his chance now, and if he and Kemp can again hit it off together they may show a big improvement on the work accomplished by the pair who played against Wales and Ireland.

There is no need to dwell on the virtues of the English pack, which has survived two strenuous matches and may confidently be expected to hold its own against any eight that Scotland may muster. They are not a great pack, such as we were accustomed to see in the days of W. W. Wakefield, R. Cove-Smith, and Tom Voyce, but they are a good level lot, and it will not be their fault if England lose. The result looks open enough, but there must be an uneasy feeling that we are going to meet a more effective side than Scotland has put in the field this season. So we can but hope for the best.



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THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

By F. BEDDINGTON

EVERY morning Juliette came out of the Tube and entered the Park at Marble Arch with a lifting of the spirit, and left it at Hyde Park Corner with renewed strength. She was then ready to face the trials of a shopgirl's day in a fashionable dressmaker's establishment. There was always a moment or two when the trees, with the first stipple of April's green about their higher branches, or a park chair or the smooth gravel would remind her of the Tuileries Gardens and in almost the same instant cried to her . . . how different! The lamp-posts, the railings, the very grass were English. It was her first year of life as a London worker and she was too young and too busy for nostalgia.

Every morning Julian took his Alsatian dog, Boris, into the Park for half an hour's exercise between breakfast and going to his office in Berkeley Square. It was delightful to inhabit a flat in Park Lane, but it was really too conveniently near his work. Boris's morning walk filled a gap in his master's life . . . the interval between his private life and professional attention to his share of the family wine business. Boris had won prizes at many Dog Shows. In a Man Show Julian might have done the same. Certainly he would have been commended in his class . . . English, sporting, town, and house-trained. Julian was a typical wealthy bachelor, with a certain discrimination in the good things of life. Juliette was aware of Julian for several days before he observed her. She decided that they would probably see each other daily for at least a month before he was likely to speak to her. It must be admitted that she was delighted to find herself wrong. After three mornings Julian bowed and said "Good morning." A week later their greeting was:

"Bon jour, Juliette."

"Bon jour, Julian."

Already they both looked forward to their meetings. Their friendship developed rapidly and grew with a spontaneous vitality, bred of its outdoor setting. With the blooming of the daffodils, which line that charming mile, Julian and Juliette opened out to each other with the frankness of their generation.

Early in May they dined together and spent the evening dancing. The next week Julian was invited to dinner with her mother and father. Her younger sister, Germaine, was at home, and later that evening the two sisters gossiped in the bedroom they shared. From the particular young man, who had just departed, their conversation wandered to young men in general.

"But, Germaine, you like your work in the City, don't you?" said Juliette.

"Yes, of course I do; but I don't mean to spend my life there. I intend to marry young and have lots of children."

"It's usual to wait till you're asked, you know."

"Oh, Juliette, don't talk like Maman. Anyway, I'm going to sleep now. Good-night."

Juliette placed no great reliance on the depth of Julian's affection for her, but she was ready to be the *Bonne camarade* of the young man who entertained her so charmingly. She made it quite clear that she was not to be added to the growing list of charming girls who so frequently shared Julian's life for week-ends. Later, he grew to rely on her for sympathy when such expeditions led to tiresome scenes.

In June, Juliette told him that she was leaving London. She had been offered a much better position in Paris, with a real chance of promotion to part-ownership. She was delighted to be given such an opportunity, and it would be fun to go and live with Aunt Henriette and be a French girl again. Julian seemed rather upset, but said he supposed that she must go.

In Paris, Juliette felt that she had come home. After a few weeks, in a letter to Julian, she wrote—

You've no idea how delightful I find it to live in a country where men value women as women and I don't feel I must continually apologise for not being a man or even a horse! All the same, I must reluctantly admit that Englishmen have not lost their charm for me since I no longer see them. Frenchmen are polite, clever and fearfully well-educated; but I don't know what has happened to their sense of humour. Come and make me laugh when you pass through Paris. . . .

She had not long to wait for Julian's visit. At the end of August he arrived in Paris in his new touring car. She found herself strangely moved to hear his voice on the telephone inviting her to lunch with him in the Bois. While they were having coffee, with more candour than subtlety he suggested that she should take her holiday immediately and come with him to the South of France in his car. Juliette did not pretend to be either shocked or surprised, or that the prospect had no attraction for her. As a matter of fact, it had every appeal. Such a trip in Julian's company would have been entirely congenial to her. They had been very busy in her shop and she was tired from overwork; but just now there would have been no objection to her taking her holiday. She felt excited and thought that to be married to Julian would mean happiness, safety and freedom from the hardening influences of her work and life. Remembering Julian's previous experiments, she feared that marriage was unlikely to be the result. She told him that she would give him an answer the next day. That evening Juliette went to bed early, but she lay awake for many hours.

In the morning Julian got her answer and he left Paris alone.

One morning six months later Juliette was hurrying along the Rue des Mathurins on her way to lunch. Once more spring was in the air and she regretted that her way no longer lay through Hyde Park. Her thoughts went back to Julian, as indeed they often had done in the last few months. Too often. The season of poets' joy seemed to mock her. "If I had said yes, we might have been married by now," a horrid voice seemed to whisper in her mind.

Suddenly, there was a gay fanfare from a motor horn and she looked up. There, coming towards her, almost blocking the narrow street, was the big open tourer, with Julian at the wheel. Next to him was a girl, whose face was turned away, her head enveloped in a garish scarf. Juliette waved frantically. Julian saw her and a cheerful grin spread over his face. He raised an arm to wave and suddenly dropped it. To her amazement the car accelerated violently and slid past her. She felt furious at his stupid embarrassment and then, over the suit-cases piled at the back of the car, she saw the girl turn back to look at her. It was her sister Germaine.

[THE END.]



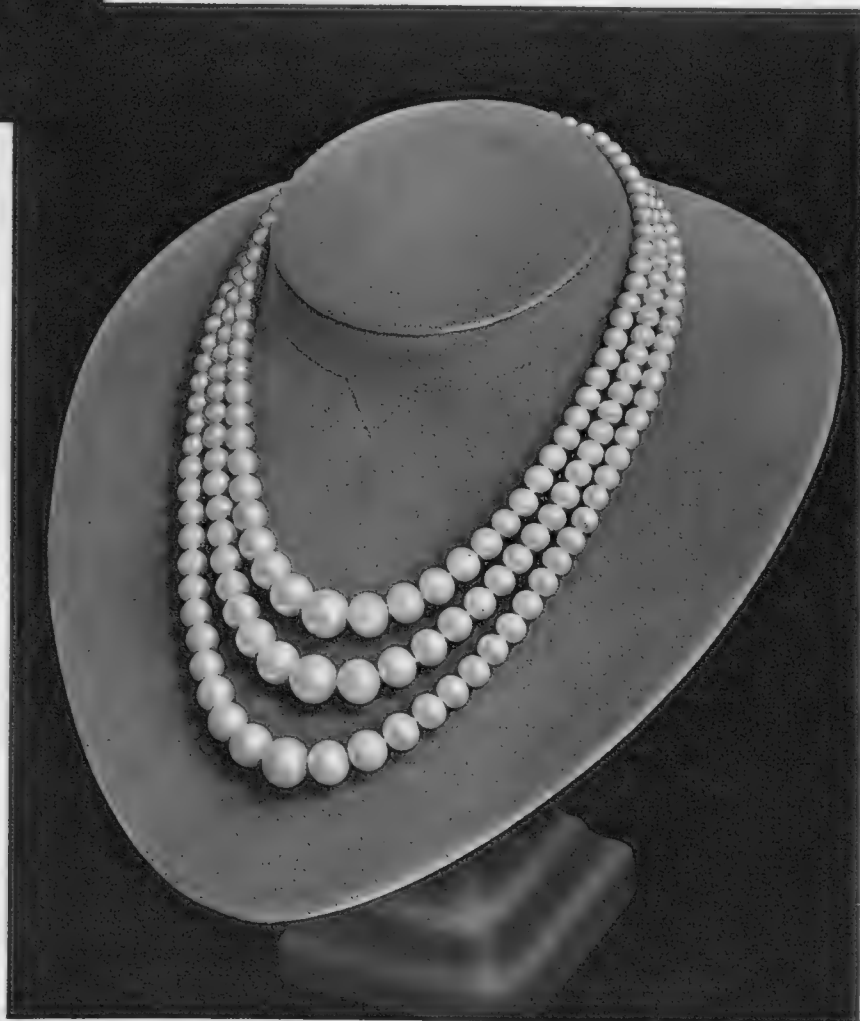
2 or 3 says fashion

Fashion turns again to Pearls as fashion always does when transient modes begin to pall. At least two rows must now be worn to satisfy the urge that calls to-day, as never before, for an aid to feminine loveliness that is not only beautiful, but also beautifying—and only Pearls are that.

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FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES—(Contd. from p. 468)

From the Warwickshire (continued).

again and one after another they faded away for home. With the sternest sense of duty, the survivors scaled the Brailes mountain and there the weather gave them best, though nothing beyond a marking to ground eventuated. So off we trotted for Spencer's Gorse. We go there now with rather the thrill of expectation that used to belong to Oxhill, and sure enough a good fox went away. Scent served and for 40 minutes hounds ran "a treat," going *via* Idlicote, on to the slopes of Brailes once more, then left-handed, Compton Wynyates and Winderton way. As good a line as you could wish over the very water-logged country. Everyone warmed up, nearly dry, and very happy; but *how* tired the horses were.

We are to lose Mr. Parry, and platitude as it may sound, we shall miss and grieve for him a long way more than ordinarily. On his horse and after a fox, the reincarnation of James Pigg, with quite a touch of Lord Scamperdale when indiscipline needed correction. Hail and farewell to him, and our thanks.

From the York and Ainsty.

Certain friends having mentioned to the writer that these notes are lacking in spice—if one may use the term. He pleads guilty, but would like to explain that some people are far more touchy than one would imagine: and experience has shown that it's better, in this troublous world, to write innocuous notes than to receive indignant protests.

The North pack were in great form on Monday (February 27) after meeting at Whixley, being on the go nearly all day and catching three foxes. The Southerners likewise showed excellent sport, in rather wet weather, on Tuesday (28th) when they met at Bishopthorpe for the first time this season. The alleged fox at Bond Hill Ash—unlike most alleged foxes—was really there when wanted, and provided a capital 25 minutes over the railway and Tad. road, through the Bogs, past the Kennels, and on through Askham Park to the Whin, where he beat them. Another from near Stub Wood was hunted past Acaster Malbis to Bond Hill Ash, and was killed close to Bishopthorpe, after which most one-horse people had had enough: a few followers, however, went on to the Bogs for a final short hunt, the fox getting to ground on the Bog Farm. The day was not without its casualties, including volunteers, but we've all done the latter.

On Thursday, for the first time in history, the South pack met at St. Peter's School, in York: this was by request, the idea possibly being to inoculate the young idea with the virus of the chase. The field—not a very big one—having been entertained, we moved off to the Rawcliffe covers and had a sharp little spin to Moorlands, after which hounds chopped a fox in Nova Scotia, and then had a local hunt with another round the Rawcliffe covers. Overton Wood was blank for the first time this season, and so ended an uninteresting day. The North pack, on the other hand, had a distinctly good day from Staveley, with a long, twisty hunt from Ferrensby Whin, ending in killing their fox at Scotton Quarries.

From the Pytchley.

After meeting at Walgrave on Monday, these hounds had one of the star days of the season, with two first-class hunts over an exceptional line of country between Brixworth and Wilmer Park. Grizzy Grant-Lawson having the best of fun, and Didie Hardy enjoying herself as usual. Jock well again once more setting his own line of country, and our Chief Constable's wife on the floor, but quickly on again, helped up by his Lordship.

The weather was too warm on both Wednesday and Friday; hounds had a hunt on their own from Staverton, all the field and hunt staff were left. Arthingworth was the appointed place on Friday. We were made welcome by Captain and Mrs. Horton, the former having taken to hunting as a duck to water. The fields and fences are too big around Braybrooke and Arthingworth for such a warm day. Poor Mrs. Lowther had bad luck in losing her old horse, Harborough; a grand end to such a veteran hunter.

Ravensthorpe on Saturday was a really miserable day: none of the foxes would go in the right direction, the rain was the wettest ever experienced. Some of the many visitors must have taken a bad outlook of this famous

country! Mondays are in luck this year as nobody could have desired two better hunts than those after meeting at Foxhall Inn.

From Lincolnshire.

Recent springlike weather has brought out primroses and violets in profusion—a sure sign that the end of another season is near! The midday sun has been too much for a serving scent, and the best fun has usually come late in the day. The Brocklesby, for example, had a delightful 35 minutes from Bowlands on Saturday (March 4), and hounds handsomely killed in the open; while, on the same day, the Burton ran just about as fast as they could for 20 minutes, and would also have caught their fox had he not chanced upon an open earth in the extremity of his distress!

The Blankney, from Wellingore, had their best gallop after 4 o'clock, when most of the field had gone home. For 90 minutes they were running a fox from Cockburn's for all they were worth—mostly on Belvoir soil—before being defeated near Stubton. It was a long trek back to kennels in the moonlight (16 miles, as the crow flies), before they could get their evening meal! In the light of these experiences, the motto seems to be "stay to the end."

From the Grafton.

This has been a great week of sport, starting with Monday's meet at Green's Norton. We were all provided with additional courage by Captain and Mrs. Eric Gooch's kind hospitality. It was certainly needed for those who wanted to live with hounds during the run which ensued. Not finding till Grubb's Cope they were quickly away on a screaming scent. Skirting Foxley and crossing the Blakesley-Green's Norton road right up to Bradden Spinneys and killing in the open just below this covert. It took toll of the horses, with all the "lepping"—masses of lame ones! Euan had to foot it with his mount to Green's Norton, and Rosie's had "first aid" administered. There was another good run in the evening for those with second horses. They showed good sport from Wicken on Wednesday. Finding a stout fox in Jack's Cope hounds hunted a twisty customer out past Lillingstone Lovell and were eventually beaten below Akeley after a good 75-minutes' gallop. We had another grand day on Friday from Helmdon. After searching for outliers they found at once in Stuckbury and ran at tremendous pace past Greatworth Hall, and the Bungalow Spinney, crossing the Brackley road and the railway, they reached Whistley Wood in 22 minutes. They hunted through the wood and on through Radstone Spinney past Halse Cope and Tiddleys to Brackley Gorse. Oddly enough, the Bicester hounds had been there and the packs only just missed each other. They crossed the Banbury road with a brace of foxes "for'ard," fast to Steane, where both were marked to ground—a good hunt of 70 minutes with two separate points of 4 miles. Another good hour's hunt was enjoyed in the evening from Brackley Gorse with a very tired fox, who saved his brush on the arable, where he beat hounds. We were all delighted to see Phil out again after his trip abroad, and are glad to hear that Frankie is progressing so satisfactorily.

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

On Monday we were in the wall country at Culkerton and Hugh had a good fox for us at Stadborough which provided 30 minutes of the best before being killed. Tuesday at Biddeston is not one of our popular meets, but we were busy all day. Wednesday, however, was a very different story. A large field met Master at Cross Hands and a really brilliant hunt followed over the best of the Sodbury Vale. On Thursday at Pypard, with the Captain in charge, we were running all day and didn't some of the riders and horses know it! We penetrated well into the V.W.H. country to Lydiard Park. We woke up on Friday morning to find bright sunshine and a west wind, and in consequence a huge crowd turned up at the Point-to-Point at Leighterton. It reminded us of the super ones Maurice ran for many years. There were any amount of runners and the finishes were very close. The Yeomanry race proved a great attraction. We congratulate the executive on a first-class day's sport. Saturday's weather was the reverse, wind and rain, and in consequence sport was indifferent. Monday was a day for the Eton Half-Termers, and they seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves over the walls, and a good hunt followed late in the day.

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AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Press-Conscious.

"FIRST World Meeting of the Aeronautical Press." It sounds impressive. And it was exceedingly kind of the distinguished Italians who are organising it in Rome

this year, to send me an invitation. Yet I find it difficult to see why the aeronautical Press of the world should gather together. Journalists in bulk—and I speak as one of them—tend to think that their scurried scribbles and their silly shoutings down telephones produce astonished admiration in the minds of the Great British Public. We have seen this belief expressed in many plays, films, broadcasts and writings recently. Yet it is an erroneous belief. Generally, press-conscious pressmen are pests. The real job of the journalist is to give entertainment or information without constantly harping on the technique which permits him to do so. So I feel that these aeronautical journalists who are going to gather together in Rome will have to be careful. Their readers might think that they would be better employed getting on with their jobs than holding a sort of prayer-meeting.

Another point is that the international situation is hardly well suited to these trips to totalitarian countries. When I last visited Italy, for the 1927 Schneider Trophy at Venice, the atmosphere was very different, and it was a pleasing occasion. But to-day? For myself, I should certainly feel constraint in meeting German and Italian aeronautical journalists. I should feel it imperative to refrain from full and free discussion about such things as air armaments. Consequently, with many expressions of thanks for their kindness in asking me, I have declined the invitation, making a delicate reference to the strained international situation in doing so!

New Air Race.

Ultra-lightweight aeroplane racing has always had possibilities, though they have not yet been fully explored. But this year the Royal Aero Club is to organise a race specially for these machines, and Lord Wakefield, whose generosity in supporting aviation sport in all its forms cannot be too highly praised, is going to give cash prizes to the value of £500 and a trophy. I gather that the course will be about 240 miles, and that the machines will be of the types used for Civil Air Guard

training. It may be—though, as I write, no decision has been made—that the new race will be held in conjunction with the King's Cup race.

When I recall the thrill I used to get at the Hendon air races before the war of 1914, I think that low-speed air-racing may be more exciting than high. With a low-speed aeroplane, the radius of turn at the pylons is much smaller than with a high-speed machine, and consequently the spectators are given a better chance of watching the cornering. A very high-speed machine goes round a turn in a huge sweep, and this is apt to be less interesting to watch than the short, sharp bank-and-turn of the low-speed machine. At any rate, we shall have this year a good opportunity of comparing the relative spectacular values of both high-speed and low-speed machines in air-racing.

The Estimates.

There were no surprises, and very little new information, in the Air Estimates.

The Vote for "technical and warlike stores," which includes aeroplanes and engines, and the Vote for "works, buildings and lands," are the biggest and by their size they indicate that that Royal Air Force expansion which we all desire so urgently is really getting under way. Every week our production-rate is increasing; every month our first-line strength is going up; every quarter our productive capacity has been augmented. Sir Kingsley Wood and Captain H. Balfour have done the job they were put in the Air Ministry to do, and done it very well. But they must remain there for a long time yet; until we have not only air-parity with Germany, but a large superiority over her.

Meanwhile, Sir Kingsley did mention in his Memorandum one thing not connected with armaments which I look on as extremely important. It is that fourteen of the new Fairey commercial air-liners have been ordered; that is twelve over and above the two experimental ones. This is a wise move, because, unless we keep developing commercial types, a switch to disarmament would find British aviation in a very poor position indeed. But if we can contrive to maintain development of commercial types in the way the Fairey Company is doing, we should be able to make the switch from military flying to commercial flying without enormous disorganisation and loss.

(Continued on page XIV)



WINNERS OF THE MONTROSE BOXING TROPHY:
NO. 8 FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, R.A.F.

Five Scottish Royal Air Force Stations—Montrose, Dyce, Abbotsinch, Evanton, and Leuchars—took part in the competition for the Montrose Boxing Trophy, the Scottish equivalent of the Wakefield, and No. 8 F.T.S., Montrose won with 28 points. The trophy was handed over by Air Commodore C. D. Breese, C.B., A.F.C., A.O.C., No. 18 Group, Donibristle, senior resident Air Force Officer in Scotland

The names in the picture are: (back row; l. to r.) A.C. King, L.A.C. Solly, A.C. Curran, Cpl. Barker, A.C. MacKenzie, A.C. Corry, A.C. Shaw; (seated) A.P.O. Garnell, A.P.O. Palmer, Group-Captain J. A. Sadler (recently appointed O.C. at No. 8 F.T.S., and who came from Malta), A.P.O. Southgate, A.P.O. Lambert; (sitting in front) Cpl. Hall and L.A.C. Ferguson. In the centre are the trophies



EARLY STARTERS AT DAVOS

Off to catch the early train, two well-knowns, Major A. J. A. Wallace Barr and Major Henry Petre; the former is the founder of Cellon, Ltd., who make the aeroplane "finishes." Major Petre is an air pioneer and an expert pilot of both power-machines and gliders

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FLORENCE DESMOND WITH HER SUNBEAM-TALBOT CAR

The world-famous cabaret and variety star is one of the most recent purchasers of a Sunbeam-Talbot car. The model with which she is seen above is the "Ten" four-door saloon. This famous firm has built cars almost from time immemorial, and their latest models are something of which they have every reason to be very proud

Woodenness.

IF I were told that the highway authorities lay wood-block paving on the streets out of the kindness of their hearts, so that poor children can collect the old blocks for fuel when the roads are being repaired, I should understand it, except for one reason. That reason is that I have never yet discovered a local authority which has any kindness of heart. They are the most intolerant, prying, tyrannical and unyielding institutions on earth. The trumped-up tradesman-councillor must ever be throwing his weight about; demonstrating that he is not as other men are. The fact that poor children collect the old wood blocks for fuel would rather stimulate a local authority to use other materials for surfacing their roads—just to teach the children a lesson—than the reverse. No; the poor children are not the cause of the survival of wood-block paving. If we rule out sheer cussedness on the part of the highway authorities, what, then, is the cause?

Look at Oxford Street when rain has fallen. Try your brakes or accelerator on it. Look at the fantastic pieces of road where an attempt has been made to botch up an improvised non-skid surface on top of wood blocks. You know, and every motorist knows, that wood blocks do not give the tyre-adhesion which the drivers of all vehicles have a right to expect on all main roads to-day. It is equally known that the skids which happen on wood-block surfacing every time it rains are a fruitful cause of accidents. It is known that, in equity, the responsibility for those accidents rests not with the driver, who actually gets the blame, but with the highway authority, who goes scot-free. For years I have been pointing out the dangers of wood-block paving, and now at last others

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

are taking up the cry. In the end the highway authorities will be forced to act. But the great question which intrudes itself as a result of all this is whether those highway authorities have not shown themselves negligent to an extent which casts serious doubt on their fitness for the work.

Figures.

At the moment I am making an interesting collection of figures on this matter of wood-block road-surfacing. I am collecting figures from various London highway authorities giving the length of road in their areas paved with wood and the length paved with other materials. As yet my statistics are incomplete and so I will give only the figure for my own district—the Royal Borough of Kensington. In that part 12 miles are wood-block paved and 82 miles are paved with other materials. In this borough, then, where appreciable sums are spent annually in trying to break down the traditional predilection of dogs for lamp-posts, there are twelve miles of road which constitute an open invitation to accidents. Later, when I publish my full statistics, you will see that there are other cases just as bad.

Finally, for those who like to see experience interpreted in figures, I would direct attention to Mr. G. H. Hodgson's paper on "Road Surfaces: Resistance to Skidding." This puts wood-block surfacing in its place in every possible sense, and it shows, in one table, that the sprinkling of coarse sand, which is the habit of the local authorities when it is wet and they begin to fear that they will be found out, makes the poor adhesion results obtained with wood blocks still worse!

Exhibition.

While I am on the subject of roads, let me refer to the exhibition that was held at the Royal Institute of British Architects' building in Portland Place. This presented a vivid picture of development as it is and hinted, by means of models and photographs, at what it ought to be. The exhibition was particularly interesting in that it rightly dealt with roads and buildings as a *combined problem*. That is the outlook that should be cultivated. The two things are so closely interlocked and interlinked that they should always be looked upon together.

Here is what Mr. Malcolm Brereton, Secretary of the British Road Federation, says in his preface to the catalogue of the exhibition: "A constructive road policy, capable of providing the roads adequate to the requirements of the present day and of the predictable future, is the only foundation upon which an efficient and safe road-transport system can be built up. Every inhabitant of Great Britain is a user of road transport, indirectly at all times and directly at most times. . . . Since access to every building is by road, the architect is concerned with the same road problems." Perhaps the day will come, if this attitude is inculcated, when the provision of garage space will be considered an essential



Swaebe

A PARTY OF WELL-KNOWN FOREGATHER AT PRUNIER'S

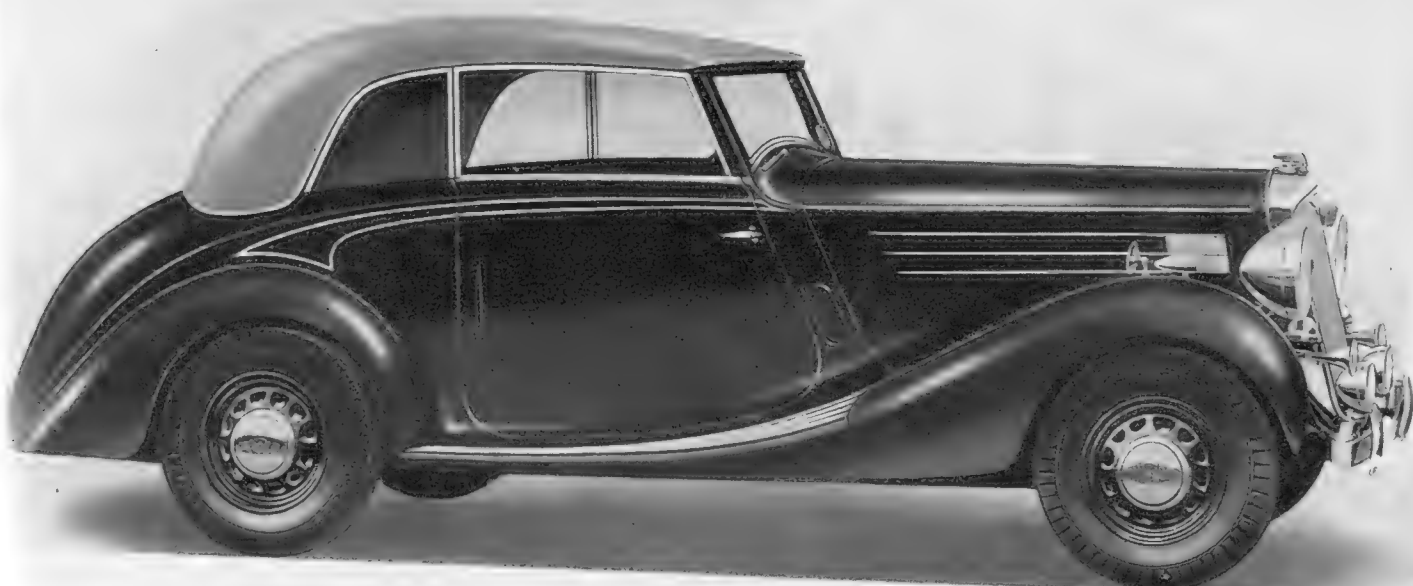
This famous spot in St. James's Street, with its headquarters in Paris, has been a success from the word "go," and with the indomitable Madame Prunier at the head, this is not surprising. The above party, which was snapped there recently, includes: nearest the camera, Lord Howard de Walden's only son, the Hon. John Scott-Ellis; the Countess Orloff-Davidoff, his sister; Count Orloff-Davidoff and the Hon. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis

(Continued on page xiv)



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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from page 491)

It is probable that one of the latest sections of the big book *The Next War* (Geoffrey Bles) which is being edited and partly written by the erudite Captain Liddell Hart, *Gas*, by Major-General Sir Henry Thuillier, R.E., will make the strongest public appeal, if, indeed, it can be said that "appeal" is the right word to use in application to that bloody and disgusting thing called War. *Gas*, kindly sent to me for review, will, however arrest the attention of every one. In this case it is particularly bound to do so, because the author knows all about its use in the field and the possibilities of its use against the civilian population. Any one who reads this extremely well-written treatise will probably arrive at the same conclusion as the one which has been put forward many times in these notes, namely, that it will not be worth while to attack civilians with this particular weapon for the best of all possible reasons, namely, that H.E. and incendiary shell from the air can, and have, done all the necessary damage. Forbearance will not be dictated by any humanitarian reason, for in war that thing does not come in. It is tooth and claw from the word "go"; but it may be that fear of reprisal in kind may have some say. I should think that that is the most cogent reason against its unemployment against the civilian living at home in such ease as may be permitted to him in the event of a major war.



THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES IN THE W

Colonel Colchester-Wemyss second from the left of the picture. Stella Lady Reading who is head of the movement in Gloucestershire, Lady Stipp and Mrs. Colchester-Wemyss (centre leader for Gloucestershire) at a W.V.S. meeting at Kingswood, Bristol. Lady Reading, widow of the late Marquess of Reading has been Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services Air Raid Precautions since 1938.

Sir Henry Thuillier, I gather, does not entirely rule out the possibility of the use of gas shell, but he says definitely that the operation of spraying gas on any city will be somewhat difficult and very hazardous to the attacker. To do that job properly the attacker would have to come down to a range of 300 feet. That is an entirely unsafe, and, under modern improved conditions of defence, ground and otherwise, not very practicable. A sprayed gas attack from 20,000 feet would be quite futile obviously, wind or no wind. Heavy shell and incendiary shell cannot be ruled out, but I gather that General Thuillier believes that the shortest range at which enemy aircraft will find it convenient to attempt attack upon cities will be 20,000 feet, about 9,000 feet short of the height of Everest. All this may be a bit comforting in a mass of detail which is a bit gruesome. The outstanding fact, where gas attack on civilian populations is concerned, is, that neither in Spain nor in China have we had any evidence of its employment. Why? In neither case was the fear of reprisal present, because in both the attacker has had a virtual walk-over. In neither case have ethics had anything to say. Again then, why? The answer is a simple one: because other kinds of projectile have done all that was wanted. Gas would undoubtedly have a very damaging effect on morale, but the game has not been considered worth the candle so far, even where there was no likelihood of reprisals. Is it more or less likely to be considered worth it when reprisals are an absolute certainty? In the field it is another matter. It is probable, and I gather that General Thuillier is in agreement, that gas shell will be used again—but no gas by projection, a method so dependent upon the set of the wind. I am sure that the author of *Gas* did not set out with the intention of making people's hair stand on end, but... well read him and see what your hair does. It is not a book for people with weak nerves—no book on war ever is. It is a nasty subject!

This England . . .



Sussex Downs—Nr. Brighton

THIS is the ancient Saxon *lenct-monat*, the month of Spring. Now in your walks you find, upon the warm side of the little wood, that sweetly humble link twist snowdrop shy and flaming crocus—the English primrose. Here now is promise, to shepherd and hind and green-starved cit, of the great rhythmic quickening. Winter reluctant, turns to chill us with his gusty breath, but farmers heed it not—the gales take off the surplus moisture and the once-bound earth turns freely to the plough, the tilth is good. Sowing is near: so lift your Worthington—gleaming with sunshine from the bygone year—and toast the “seed-beds”. May the barley strike and thrust to bearded beauty without “weathering”—and so be garnered safely for our future brews.



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Catherine Bell

MISS ANNE DARLINGTON

The daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Darlington, D.S.O., and Mrs. Darlington, who is to marry Lieutenant M. E. Butler Bowdon, R.N., the elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Butler Bowdon, D.S.O., and Mrs. Butler Bowdon, Southgate House, Derbyshire

Singapore is the wedding of Mr. G. D. Olds, of Brunei, Borneo and Miss Rosemary Selwyn Hughes-Hallett.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. G. Villiers, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Villiers and Countess Olga Kapnist, daughter of the late Admiral Count Alexia Kapnist and of Countess Kapnist; Captain G. S. Knox, Royal Signals, second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Hamish Knox, O.B.E. and the late Mrs. Knox, and Heather Lindsay, second daughter of Colonel B. L. Eddis, D.S.O. and Mrs. Eddis, of Brereton, Gerrards Cross; Captain A. Tyrer, 45th Rattray's Sikhs, son of Mrs. M. G. Tyrer of Berkhamsted, and Marie Magdeleine Gabrielle de Charette de la Contrie, daughter of the late M. Maxence de Charette de la Contrie, and of Mme. de Charette de la Contrie, of Allier, France; Mr. J. P. de la Poer, second son of Count de la Poer, of Gurteen le Poer, Kilsheelan, Ireland, and Fay, eldest daughter of Captain and



Kay Vaughan

MISS JOAN HOLT

The elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Appleby Holt, of Brede Place, Rye, who is engaged to Mr. Richard Beddington, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beddington

WEDDINGS and
ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying Abroad Next Month.

Mr. J. H. Prendegast, M.C. 4th/15th Punjab Regiment and Miss Rose Ann Hutchinson are being married in India early in April, and Mr. W. M. Dennis and Miss Honor Piper are being married in Bombay also early in the month. On the 4th in



Hay Wrightson

MISS PATRICIA MARRIOTT

The only daughter of the Rev. J. E. Marriott and Mrs. Marriott, of Cotesbach Hall, Rugby, whose engagement was recently announced to Lieutenant J. E. Bush, R.N., son of Mr. R. E. Bush, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Bush, of Bishop's Knoll, Bristol



Hay Wrightson

MISS KATHLEEN CLARKE

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. F. H. Hanson, the only son of Colonel F. S. Hanson, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Hanson, The Lodge, Stratford-on-Avon. Miss Clarke is the elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. Clarke, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. E. Clarke of the White House, Tonbridge

the late Florence Veevers-Carter of Shallow Waters, Parkstone, Dorset; Mr. D. Burnett of the 2nd Battalion The Prince of Wales Volunteers (South Lancashire), son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Burnett of Tynemouth, and Mary Ann, daughter of the late Mr. Bartholomew Mascall and Mrs. Mascall of Tipperary, Ireland; Mr. C. S. Madden, 60th Rifles,



Hay Wrightson

MISS ELIZABETH BONHAM

Who is to marry Mr. B. W. R. Curling, the elder son of Brigadier-General B. J. Curling and Mrs. Curling of Vernon Hill House, Bishop's Waltham. Miss Bonham is the only daughter of the late Major Sir Eric Bonham, Bt., C.V.O., and Lady Bonham of Crudwell, Malmesbury

younger son of the late Lieutenant - Colonel John Clements Waterhouse Madden, of Hilton Park, Clones, Ireland, and Mrs. Madden, The Old Rectory, Staunton on Wye, Hereford, and Rachel, youngest daughter of the late Major A. Marmaduke Whitaker and Mrs. Whitaker, of Manfield Grange, Darlington; Mr. John Reginald Wood, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, of Silverbury, Wallasey, Cheshire, and Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles Prevost, Bt., and Lady Prevost, of Stinchcombe, Leamington, Glos.; Mr. Leonard George Stuart Clough-Taylor, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel H. Clough-Taylor, of Firby Hall, York, and of Lady Mary Clough-Taylor, of Drovers Manor, Hampshire, and Georgina, younger daughter of Captain A. U. Shuttleworth of Dunannie, Petersfield, Hampshire; Mr. Ian Seymour Graham, of Seaforth Highlanders, son of Sir James and Lady Graham, Paris, and Jean, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. E. R. Wayland, Monks Horton Park, Kent



Harlip

MISS D. M. MACGREGOR

Who is to marry the Hon. Greville Baird, the second son of Viscount Stonehaven. Miss Macgregor is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alister Macgregor, of Cardney, Dunkeld, Perthshire. The wedding will take place on the 30th of this month



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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

THE House of Jay's, Regent Street, have assembled, in their model gown department, lovely day and evening modes in what may well be styled the Jay tradition. They are dignified, graceful and flattering. They have achieved real beauty out of geometrical patterns. Diagonal and horizontal stripes are taken as the basic foundation of many of the little frocks. There are several dresses with bouffant skirts and moyen age corsages. The graceful Princess-Empire line is something entirely different when interpreted by this firm. On this page is an evening gown of a very soft black fabric which drapes exquisitely. All monotony is banished by the embroidery, which is composed of iridescent sequins and beads which in some lights suggest the setting sun. The sleeves, which are slit from the shoulders downwards, conceal the least attractive part of the arm. Then the height of the back can be arranged to suit the needs of the prospective wearer. It is an ideal dinner frock, as so much successful thought has been focused on the creation of the bodice. By the way, in this collection there are fashions from across the water, as well as their own interpretations which they ever design for individual customers.

Picture by Blake



American FIT-

'Eden Roi'
69/6

'Paris Plage'
49/6



Winner

Wolsey

Another

"What!" we said at Wolsey, "hear American clothes lauded to the skies and do nothing about it! Certainly not!" We sent our designers to all the continental fashion centres for inspiration—graded our patterns on the American plan and from our own pedigree wools we created a collection of frocks, two-pieces and woollies with a fit and snap never seen before outside Couture houses. Write to Wolsey, Leicester, for our 'American Fit' booklet. It's a revelation!

IN THE NEWS

Pleasant features of
fashion's dispatches



THE Wolsey fashions for the spring have arrived, important features being the American, almost tailored aspect, and pleasant prices. Of course, they are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Wolsey, King Street, Leicester, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent and an illustrated brochure. There are frocks, two-pieces and jumpers, including twin sets of pure, soft wool

A SLIGHT idea of the charm of the Wolsey models may be gleaned from those pictured. The dress at the base of this page is cut with that deceptive simplicity which makes the very smartest frocks. There are flattering gathers springing from the yoke, while the shoulders are perfectly set. The coat and skirt on the right is of "milled" jersey stockinette; the jacket is striped and the skirt is plain. A new note is struck in the short-sleeved dresses with contrasting jackets

Pictures by Blake



“What’s your recipe for beauty, Jane Seymour?”

“To read these beauty articles,” said a woman who came to my Salon, “you’d really think we’d nothing to do but look after our faces. What I want to know is how to keep my skin nice with the least possible bother.”

“And so does every woman, really,” I said, smiling. “Busy modern life allows no time for elaborate skin care. The thing to do is to choose a few good basic preparations. Use them regularly and never get slack. That’s far better than all the frills.”

“What’s the minimum for a skin like mine?” she asked.

“Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic to clean off make-up at night,” I said: “Orange Skin Food for your night cream. Juniper to brace in the mornings,

and Petal Cream as a foundation. And, once a month, a thorough Salon treatment. There’s nothing like it for keeping you on your toes!”

“That sounds like sense to me,” she said, “I’ll try it.”

When she was in for her treatment some weeks later, she said: “I love your recipe for beauty. I feel I’ve got the thing *organised* now—and my skin is looking marvellous!”

Get my book ‘Speaking Frankly’ from any shop that sells my preparations and read up my minimum treatment for greasy skins. Or write to me for it, Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon, Extension 3.



Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



FORTNUM AND MASON, Piccadilly, have designed some of the flattering and practical footwear seen in their salons. Nevertheless, they specialize in the creations of other notable followers of St. Crispin's art. To them must be given the credit of the "Loafer" sports model on the left above. It is a study in suède and coloured-crêpe rubber. Ferragamo shoes (exclusive to this firm) are seen on the right above, made in many colours



A NEW note is struck in the co-ordination of shoes and hats. The cap with a military aspect, in many colours, is companioned by shoes to match. The mock nails are amusing and few will believe that they are studs. There are other hats and shoes planned to harmonize, a bag often making a perfect trio



IT was the old Chinese legend, "The Black Pig," which inspired the shoes and bag above. A symbolical meaning is attached to it whereby good luck is brought to the wearer. Suède in contrasting colours has been used by Ferragamo for the clever sandal seen above the "Black Pig" set. It will be noticed that the fashionable built-up effect has been introduced, thus causing them to be remarkably comfortable

THE shoes on the right, designed by Ferragamo, strike a decidedly new note. They have been christened "The All Square," as the heels, toes and pattern on the suède are all square. In these salons there are evening shoes that are really different. The 1939 interpretations of sandals act as diminishing glasses on the feet. Again, there is an infinite variety of shoes for country wear, to say nothing of those which are primarily designed for golf, tennis, and other sports. These are comfortable but always attractive



Pictures by Blake

*From Our Spring
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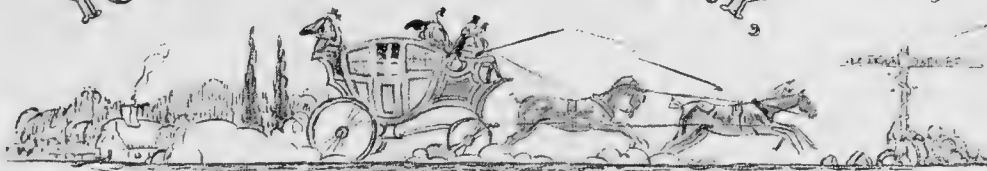
A Floor for Women Run by Women

Beauty Immortal

EVERY one will be delighted to hear that Elizabeth Arden's Daytime Cyclamen Colour Harmony Box will be placed in the "Time Capsule" at the site of the New York World Fair of 1939. Among other objects buried to enlighten future archaeologists will be books, fabrics, newspapers, magazines and telephone sets. This box contains a complete set of make-up items.



YOUNG LADY'S DIARY



1939

OXFORD



"A don't forget," I said, "they are 'men' at the Varsity, not 'boys'; and Courts are Quads at Oxford; and . . ."

Mary squeezed my arm.

"Isn't it thrilling, Anne?" she said.

"Your first visit to Oxford, and my first trip since I ran-in my Ford V-8. I'm thrilled, too. I can step on it at last!"

"It's a dream, Anne . . . I mean the car."

That was what I was thinking.

My father winced when I suggested a Ford V-8. He thought that a luxury eight-cylindered car would be beyond his means. But I told him how little it cost to step up into the V-8 class, and several V-8 owners proved how low running

expenses were. (Actually, I've been getting between 22 and 27 miles to the gallon.) So father gave in. He's as excited as I am now.

"Seventy up this hill is pretty marvellous," said Mary, "and it doesn't feel as though we're doing more than fifty."

It was that long gradient just beyond High Wycombe, the one that shows up so many cars. I can honestly say that the V-8 didn't notice it. Never had I known that driving a motor car could be so thrilling. Nor so easy, because I felt quite safe at speed, although I'm not a so-called expert driver.

We reached Oxford in an hour and a half and went straight to the rooms that Peter and John share. Mary was twittering.

"Don't *seem* so excited," I had said, but without effect.

"We didn't expect you for half-an-hour," said Peter; "you must have travelled, Anne."

"It's her new car," said Mary; "she passed everything with the greatest of ease. What a lovely Court you live in, John!"

"Nice, isn't it?" said John; "funny, but we call them Quads at Oxford. What kind of car?"

"Oh, I *am* sorry! I forgot." She blushed furiously. "A Ford V-8 . . . a new one, just run in."

"No wonder you're early! There are very few cars that can compete with a Ford V-8, regardless of cost. Nothing to touch them for value and they're darn fine engineering jobs. I'd give my eye-teeth for one."

This, from mechanically-minded John, was praise indeed. I smiled.

"Any Ford owner will tell you that, John."

* * *

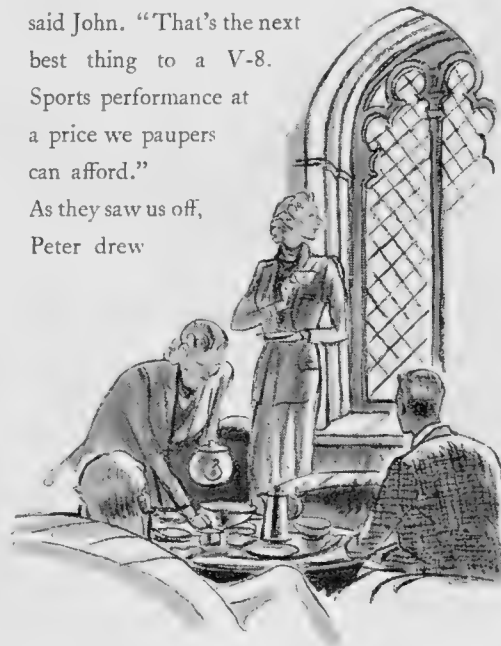
It was a perfect day. We drove the boys (men, I mean) round to the Mitre for lunch. It was warm enough for the river, and we ended up with tea in their rooms.

"I wish we could drive back with you," said Peter as we got ready to go. "I'd love to drive that car of yours."

"We hope to bring up a 'Prefect' next term," said John. "That's the next best thing to a V-8."

Sports performance at a price we paupers can afford."

As they saw us off, Peter drew



Mary aside.

"Oh, and Mary," I heard him say, "about the Eights Week Ball. I was wondering if you . . ."

FORD V-8 Saloon de luxe £280, Convertible Coupe £300; the 'Prefect', the Ten ahead of its class, Saloon £145, Double Entrance Saloon £152.10., Touring Car £155; prices at Works.



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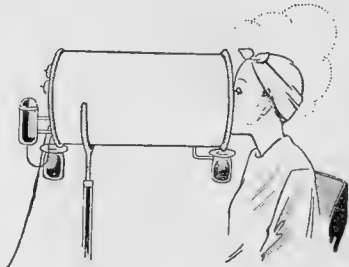
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NEW YORK

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for financial help for a clergyman's widow living in Kent. She was once quite well off but the upkeep of a large vicarage, and the long illness of her husband, have left her pitifully poor. The living was very small and after his death she found herself even worse off than had been expected, owing to the fact that her own income had been greatly reduced. She is now suffering from rheumatism and arthritis; we are, therefore, appealing for £20 in order to give her an allowance until she is in receipt of a pension from another society.

The inaugural Branksome Challenge Foursomes Spring Meeting promoted by Branksome Tower Hotel, in conjunction with *Golf Illustrated*, takes place on March 25 and 26 at the Parkstone Golf Club (by kind permission of the Committee). Four-ball Bogey Foursomes and Four and Two-ball Stableford (scratch and handicap in all cases) will be played.



MISS CYNTHIA JOSEPH

The younger daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Joseph, who is to be presented this year by her mother. She is very musical and keen on all sports, especially tennis, at which she excels. Lady Joseph is giving a dance for her and her sister on June 6, at Stanhope Gate.

(the members of which appear by permission of their respective managements) will include Stella Bonheur, A. Stuart Lindsell, Meg Buchanan, Cyr Gardiner, Susan Otto, Donald Ferguson, Marie Ault, Fred Essex, Enid Livermore and Sylvia Shaw.

The author, Dr. Grahame Buchanan, is a well-known doctor in Glasgow. The theme of his play is one of modern life.

On Thursday, March 9, Noel Coward's much discussed comedy, *Design for Living*, starring Diana Wynyard, Rex Harrison and Anton Walbrook, reached its fiftieth performance. This play, for which London has waited so long, has proved a great success at the Haymarket (in spite of rather mixed criticisms on its opening) and now seems set for a run well into the summer.

Mr. Coward's new revue, *Set to Music*, is still playing to packed audiences on Broadway, and is one of the three biggest successes there.

At the Rudolf Steiner Hall on the evening of March 31 and the afternoon and evening of April 1, the Mask Theatre Club will present two Masked Ballets, with masks by Elise Passavant. The first of these will be a mimed presentation of the Life of Buddha, designed by John Masefield, choreography by Ernst Berk. The second will be a romantic ballet called *Eventyr*, a northern folk tale by Alex Passavant, choreography by Igor Schwezoff. Tickets from Rudolf Steiner Hall or Mask Theatre Club, 42 Linden Gardens, W.2.

A regular sign of approaching spring is the appearance early in March each year of the popular G.W.R. Guide, *Holiday Haunts*. The 1939 Edition, for a modest sixpence, provides a feast of delight for would-be holiday-makers. The copiously-illustrated pages contain descriptions of about 700 holiday resorts, large and small, inland and seaside, to be found within the vast triangle of G.W.R. territory lying between London, Land's End and North Wales, 8,000 addresses of holiday accommodation to suit every taste and pocket, and a series of seven characteristic articles by S. P. B. Mais. The Guide may be obtained from any Great Western Railway book stall, from booksellers and newsagents, or from the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington, London, W.2.

In aid of the Royal Hospital, Richmond, by courtesy of the directors of Circle Theatres Ltd., a special matinée will be held tomorrow, March 16, at 3.30 p.m., at Richmond Theatre, when the first performance of a new play, *The Doctor's Wife* by Dr. Grahame Buchanan will be given. The cast



MR. GEORGE AYLWEN

Who has just taken on the Herculean task of raising £650,000 for the rebuilding of St. Bartholomew's Hospital of which he is treasurer. He has made a good start by securing the co-operation of the Lord Mayor of London, who has opened a Mansion House Fund for the purpose.



How expensive need a baby be?

You would be surprised how often mothers (and fathers too) consult us about a baby's budget — how very often they thank us for helping to save their money. People seem to come to us because they trust us, because the things we sell are the best of their kind, because we help them to plan, because we are really interested in the welfare of mothers and babies. And when all the buying is done, and mother makes her inventory, she has a way of finding that each adorable item costs quite a lot less than she thought.

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Agents for Harringtons Squares

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 504)

part of the problem of planning every new building. After all there was a time when the transport vehicle was remembered and the mews was created. But today, strangely enough, most mews are turned into queer flats for queer people instead of into garages for the cars of ordinary people.

* * *

The Singer.

The announcement of the new Singer "roadster" is a sign that spring is in the air and that the motor manufacturers are aware of the effects it has upon even the staidest. You will have seen the details of the new model; but here I should like to mention the Super Twelve Singer Saloon which I had the opportunity of trying the other day. This car is priced at £249 and the thing which strikes one directly one drives away in it, is that all the controls seem made for you. Most cars take a few miles of getting used to; but the Singer takes only about fifty yards. After that one settles down to enjoy one of the most pleasant and most competent little cars of its class on the market today. This Singer Super Twelve deserves very high praise indeed both for good manners and good performance.

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 502)

Ottawa Air Line.

Another thing which has a bearing on any possible change from armaments to commercial work is the tentative first step towards a London-Ottawa air route. The Royal Aero Club has applied for this route to be recognized among those on which official international capital-to-capital records are allowed, so it is likely that there will be some flying over it in



MORE NEWS FROM NASSAU

Sir William Wrixon-Becher, Supplementary Reserve, the Rifle Brigade, and Miss Rosemary Kerr, sun basking at the Emerald Beach Club, one of Nassau's famed rendezvous. Miss Kerr is the daughter of Admiral Mark Kerr, the first N.O. to fly, who made an attempt on the Atlantic crossing by air as long ago as 1919, and whose memo brought about the formation of the R.A.F.

the near future. Then I see that the new Hampden bombers, which are being built in Canada, will come to England by air. So at last the air link between England and Canada is being forged. It has been urgently wanted, but Imperial Airways have not done much towards it because their policy has been to work with the Americans and make New York their real terminal on the other side of the Atlantic.

And by the way, it would be interesting to know which side is right in the little argument about the Atlantic air service that has been going on unofficially between Imperial Airways and the Americans. The Americans say—and if you read their papers you will see that they say it pretty loudly—that Imperial Airways are holding them back on the Atlantic route and that they are ready to start but we are not. Imperial Airways—very unofficially indeed—seem to think that the Americans in this are playing a game of bluff and that in fact they are nothing like ready. Well, we shall see. The Americans say they are going to start their line in two months. Will they do it?

* * *

Sir Oswald Stoll presented another very strong bill at the London Coliseum for the week commencing March 13. The programme includes "Ballets de la Jeunesse," the first appearance in London of this ballet, and other strong turns in the bill are Charlie Kunz, radio's wizard of the piano; Eve Beske, the celebrated B.B.C. vocalist; Jack Daly, the personality singer; Stump and Stumpy, from Cab Calloway's Cotton Club orchestra; Arnaud, Peggy and Ready, "a peach and a green pair"; Murray and Mooney; the six Hoffmans, the novelty jugglers and whirlwind acrobats; Cecil Johnson, the radio burlesque artist; Erikson, the Mayfair magician; and the Vardel Four, the novel acrobatic entertainers.



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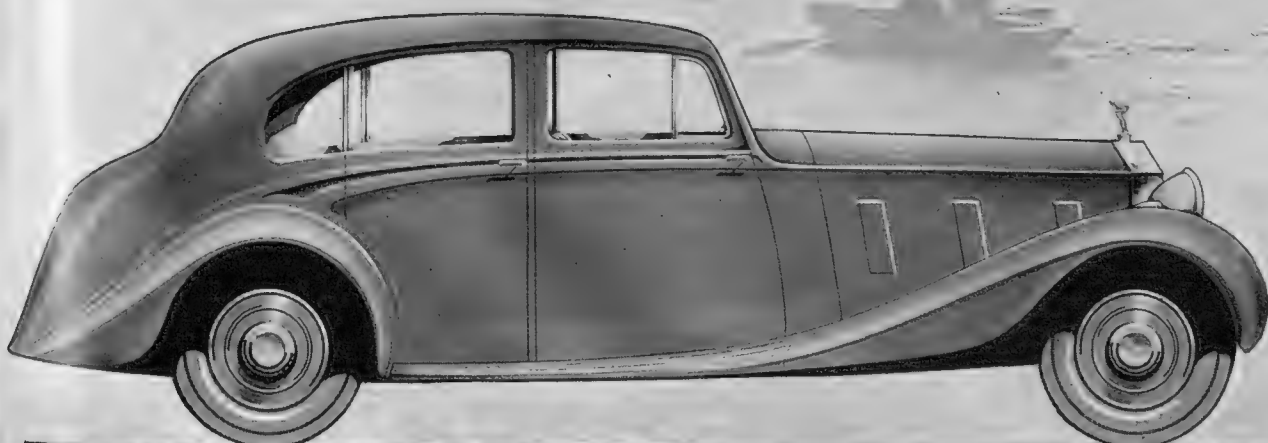
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With the Boat Race only a little over a fortnight away the Oxford crew have been putting in some pretty useful work, despite the fact that the water has been very unfavourable. R. M. A. Bourne, who has been out of the crew for a short time with an injured hand, is expected to be back at stroke again by the time these words appear. He is the son of Captain R. C. Bourne, who stroked Oxford to victory on four successive occasions. His place was taken temporarily by J. R. Bingham. Diminutive H. P. V. Massey, the cox, is a son of the High Commissioner of Canada and a nephew of Raymond Massey, the well-known actor. J. L. Garton, the president, was bow in last year's boat, but has moved up to No. 2 this year. At Oxford as well as at Cambridge there will be a crew level in merit from stern to bow and not the usual tailing off after No. 4 which has been the case in some past years.

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interior woodwork is of beautifully figured grey sycamore finish.

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- * Provision for the installation of the latest type de-misting and heating unit



ON THE TERRACES OF THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO

A scene known to travellers the whole world over, and a more delightful spot would be hard to find at this time of the year, when the weather is perfect and the flowers even more so. In the background will be seen two of the big cruising liners at anchor

IN the spring, the fancies of a good many people lightly turn to thoughts of holidays, which is not to be wondered at, for those who succeed in surmounting the vagaries of the English winter climate are left with little recuperative power by the time spring has come round, and whether their opportunity for a spring time holiday is limited to a long Easter, or whether they are able to get in a really good holiday spell, all are anxious to make the best use possible of the time at their disposal. Of course the further south you go at this time of the year, the more likely you are to get plenty of sun, and you will certainly find the season more advanced than it is here, so that you go into the realm of spring flowers and sunshine, and spring time carnival, and you get just that sort of tonic, mental and physical, you require to make good the wastage of wintertime, and to send you forth fit—for the summer season.

Southern Europe is a happy hunting ground for those who want a holiday with ideal climatic conditions and plenty of amusement, not

SPRING HOLIDAYS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE

By BRYAN BROADSTAFFE

forgetting facilities for outdoor sport, and no region can surpass, in these respects, that of the Riviera, for there, whether you are on the French side, or on the Italian side, you will discover that it has a splendid spring climate, and that it is one of the best-organized regions for sport and amusement, and for hotel accommodation and cuisine, anywhere in the world, and it has some of the most fascinating scenery imaginable—terraced hill-sides, where there are groves of orange and lemon trees, and of olive, and, pleasantly contrasting with the lighter tints of green, the darker shade of cypress trees, and these are backed by distant mountains, with here and there a snow-capped peak reflecting the gleam of sunlight, and there are great rocky headlands, some crowned with pine trees, with little sandy bays between, where the golden sands are lapped by a sea the colour of which has given the Riviera its name of the Côte d'Azur. The present is an exceptionally favourable time for a visit to the Riviera, for both the French and the Italian exchanges are in favour of the British holiday-maker, hotel prices have been cut down to a really moderate figure, special reductions on return rail fares are in force, and the train services combine speed with comfort.

The choice of resorts is a very wide one. On the French Riviera, in the tiny Principality of Monaco, Monte Carlo maintains its reputation as the gayest of gay pleasure resorts. Its attractions are unrivalled, of course—that magnificent casino, its lovely terraced gardens, with its wonderful views over the sea, the palatial International Sporting Club, the splendid golf course at Mont Agel, and the equally splendid country club, with its score of tennis courts on descending terraces, separated by flower-covered pergolas, and the smart Café de Paris, where, during the season, at apéritif time, you will see as cosmopolitan a crowd as anywhere in the world. Monte Carlo special events that are forthcoming include a ballet season, which opens on April 1, a gala concert on April 5, conducted by Erich Kleiber; an Easter Tennis Tournament, April 10-16; and golf play at Mont Agel for the President's Challenge Cup, on April 6, and for the Stanley Cup on Easter Monday. Nice has the gaiety and charm of a great city by the sea, and there is no more popular promenade on the Riviera than the Promenade des Anglais. It will be especially lively at Easter time, with the Battle of Flowers, a festival for which Nice is deservedly famous; from April 15-20 there is a Military International Horse Show; and from April 3-9 an International Tennis Tournament. Nice has an old town in which it is a joy to wander, and the same can be said for Mentone, which is such an interesting modern town. Mentone has the lure of a lovely

(Continued on page xv)

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Rich uncle, my foot. I shouldn't be rich if I paid fourteen guineas for my suits. Ten—and not a penny more at Bernard Weatherill. Use yours *nous*, boy.

I will, uncle—and your name at Bernard Weatherill. Thanks, uncle.

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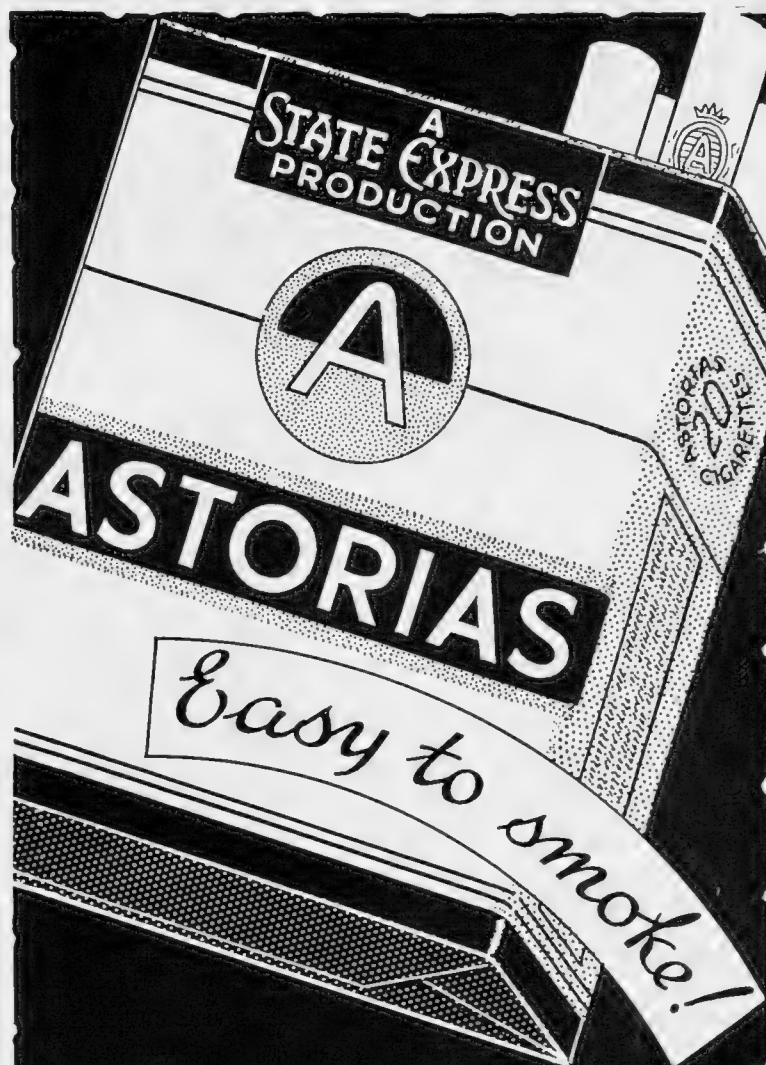
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SPRING HOLIDAYS—(Continued from page xviii)

situation on the Bay of Garavan, and luxuriance of vegetation, and the charm of Cannes is the Croisette, and its extremely elegant crowd, and that wonderful view of sunset over the Estérel, not forgetting the delight of a trip to the fragrant gardens of Grasse. Hyères, among its oak, pine, eucalyptus and palm trees, is a very restful holiday spot, and Juan-les-Pins, Beaulieu, and St. Raphael are very pleasant in the spring.

Italy has Bordighera, Ospedaletti and San Remo strung together like pearls on a charming stretch of coast. Bordighera, beloved of artists, is a place of palms and flowers, and glistening white houses, perched on hill-sides; Ospedaletti, on the curve of a delightful little bay, is almost lost amid its luxuriant gardens, and San Remo, the oldest and largest of the resorts on the Italian Riviera, has an exquisite setting, amid groves of orange, and lemon, and olive, and a profusion of palms. You get delightful views of the sea and shore from the Elena and Imperatrice Gardens, and there is a beautiful promenade by the sea. It has a very up-to-date casino, and a theatre. Its facilities for sport include a fine 18-hole golf course, with an attractive club house, and a very interesting excursion is to take the funicular up to the top of Monte Bignone, 4,000 ft., from which there is a magnificent panoramic view of the French and the Italian Riviera, and southwards, in clear weather, the island of Corsica can be seen. The famous Via Aurelia, built by the Romans, which has been completely reconstructed during recent years, and which now is excellent for motoring, links up Bordighera, Ospedaletti and San Remo, and goes on to Alassio, a resort with a bracing climate and much favoured by the English visitor, and beyond, to Genoa, and on the other side of Genoa are Santa Margherita, on the shore of a pretty little bay, at the foot of thickly wooded heights, with magnificent scenery in the Portofino Peninsula nearby, and Rapallo, a delightfully picturesque and sheltered resort, with a gay social life, with up-to-date sports attractions, rich in historical associations, and an admirable centre for excursions in a hinterland of surpassing charm.

Further south in Italy are Capri and Sorrento, both ideal resorts for a springtime holiday, the former with some of the finest cliff scenery in the world, and, of course, its far-famed Blue Grotto, and the latter with a marvellous panoramic view from its tree-clad

slopes which takes in the whole wide sweep of the Bay of Naples and Vesuvius. And then in Sicily, where spring comes earlier than elsewhere in Europe, you have your choice of Palermo, where, at Mondello, there is a golf course, and a fine beach, with good bathing, whilst, apart from the city's own treasures of Arabo-Norman art, you can visit the famous cathedral of Monreale and the wonders of Segesta and Agrigento; and Taormina, beautiful almost beyond imagination, and with a wonderful distant view of snow-capped Etna.

Other French resorts very pleasant in the springtime are Biarritz and St. Jean-de-Luz, on the Basque Coast, the former able to offer all that you wish for in the guise of sport and amusement; the latter smaller, but very go-ahead, and both of them with delightful surroundings, centres for thrilling motor rides in the Pyrenees and affording an opportunity for a closer acquaintance with those very interesting folk, the Basques.

Southern Switzerland has a region where the weather in springtime is very kind, that of the shores of the lakes of Lugano and Maggiore. There the climate is so mild that you find the orange and oleander, and many varieties of palm, growing luxuriantly in the open air. Lugano, sheltering between the commanding heights of Monte San Salvatore and Monte Brè, and Locarno, at the northern end of Lake Maggiore, at the foot of the slopes of the Southern Alps, are both very up-to-date resorts, with a splendid situation, very convenient either for tours among the Alps or for excursions by steamer on the lakes, and each, predominantly Italian in character and very colourful, has an old-world quarter of exceeding charm, whilst in the matter of hotel accommodation and facilities for sport and amusement they have a standard which is certainly a high one.

Many countries must envy Portugal the possession of Estoril, a holiday resort with a climate that is exceptionally favourable in the spring. Fourteen miles west of Lisbon, on the Atlantic coast, it faces south, has superb sandy beaches, good hotels, good golf and tennis, an up-to-date casino, where, in addition to the gaming-rooms, there is a theatre, a dance hall and a restaurant noted for its cuisine, and a very interesting hinterland for motor tours, which includes the beautiful wooded heights of Cintra and its royal palace and Moorish castle, whilst Lisbon, with its lovely avenues, smart shops, theatres and very historic show places, is reached by frequent electric tram service from Estoril in a very short time.

BRYAN BROS. STAFFE.



SPRING HOLIDAYS IN ITALY

A charming view of Ospedaletti strung around a peaceful little bay, and showing, left, a small stretch of the Via Aurelia

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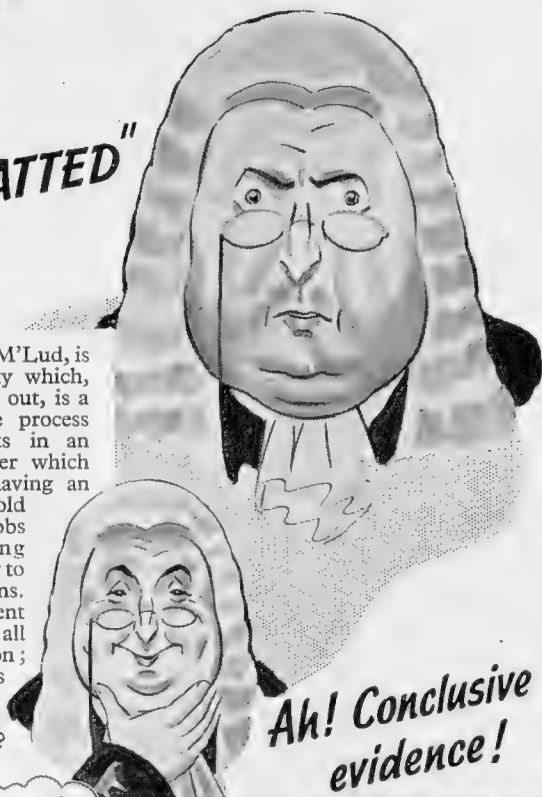
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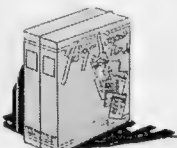
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SPRING CRUISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND ATLANTIC

A SPRING cruise is one of the finest tonics obtainable, which is the reason why this form of holiday has become so popular during recent years. It has the great advantage, too, of enabling one to see holiday resorts in a number of countries in a very delightful and comparatively inexpensive manner and to make a choice amongst them of a spot for a summer holiday, though the chances are you will enjoy the spring cruise so much that you will decide upon another for your summer vacation! This year's spring cruising programme provided by the leading steamship companies is a very attractive one, and affords ample opportunities for visiting the most interesting of those ports in Mediterranean and Atlantic waters available for this purpose.

The first port of call on a Mediterranean cruise is almost sure to be "Gib.", where, apart from the famous galleries and the Barbary apes, it is surprising what a lot there is to be seen—the old Moorish castle, built in A.D. 711, the year when Tariq captured the fortress and gave his name to it; the Devil's Tower; the old Moorish bath; the Gibraltar Museum, with its fine historical relics; and the spot where many of those who lost their lives at Trafalgar lie buried. Adjoining the Rock Hotel, a really first-class caravanserai, are the delightful Alameda Gardens, where heliotrope and roses bloom side by side with such tropical blossoms as poinsettia and hibiscus! Up past the much-discussed Balearic Isles to the enchanting coast of the Riviera, with a stop, perchance, at Villefranche, convenient for either Nice or Monte Carlo, and a little "flutter" at the tables, and next the Bay of Naples, magnificent, under a clear blue sky. Naples is a host in itself for sightseers, and you generally have time enough there for a visit to Vesuvius, and to Herculaneum and Pompeii, where the work of excavation still goes on, and sometimes trips arranged to the fairy-like isles of Procida and Ischia. If you call at Capri, make a point of seeing the rocks of Faraglioni from the Marina Piccola, and should your vessel touch at Syracuse, amongst the wealth of remains of its one-time wonderful Greek civilization be sure to visit the theatre in which some of the plays of Aeschylus were first performed.




IN MADEIRA WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER

At whatever time of the year one may visit this gem in the Atlantic, the sun will always be there to offer a greeting. One of the most attractive spots are the delightful grounds of the British Country Club seen in the above photograph

Malta is thoroughly medieval in many respects, with its imposing battlements in the harbours of Valletta, and its magnificent palaces of the Knights of St. John, but it has a very modern social side too, and just as you can step very pleasantly there into the past, so, also, you can enjoy yourself very much in the present. The Knights of St. John, by the way, link Malta up with another island cruising port of call, that of Rhodes, where the Knights of St. John flourished before they were expelled by the Turks and fled to Malta. Rhodes once had a Colossus which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World: today it is famed almost as much for its roses as for its splendid medieval remains!

Sometimes, on a Mediterranean cruise one has a chance of visiting Athens, and the Parthenon, or Beyrout, affording time for a trip to Damascus, and its famous covered "Street which is called Straight," and many cruising liners make a point of calling at Alexandria, for Cairo, its grand old citadel the nearby Pyramids of Gizeh, and the Nile. Algiers is astonishing, with its splendid buildings, wide thoroughfares, fine hotels, and smart life, and its grim old fortress, the Kasbah, in the Berber quarter, surrounded by a maze of narrow, winding lanes; there, and also ashore, in Tangier, you can see some extremely interesting scenes of Moorish life.

Atlantic cruises almost always include Lisbon, one of the most attractive of European capitals, with a wealth of historical interest, also Casablanca, from which trips are arranged to Rabat, an old Moorish town with magnificent architecture, and the run thereafter is generally across to the Canary Isles, with two well-known cruising ports—Las Palmas, for viewing Grand Canary, and Santa Cruz, for Tenerife and its lofty Peak, and the beautiful Valley of Orotava. Funchal is extremely popular as a cruising port of call, which has led to the increasing popularity of Madeira as an all-the-year-round holiday resort, for, to my mind, no one, seeing the island, can fail to fall in love with it. It has wonderfully varied scenery, high mountains, fertile valleys with luxuriant vegetation, cliffs by the sea said to be the loftiest known, and flowers of so many kinds, and in such profusion, that gardens are ablaze with colour. Fine motor roads traverse the island, a funicular ascends 3,300 feet to Perreiro da Lucta, affording a marvellous panoramic view, facilities for sport and amusement reach a high standard at the very attractive British Country Club, and the sea bathing at Reid's Hotel, situated on the cliff's edge, amidst charming scenery, is the crowning joy of a visit to Madeira.



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NORWICH TERRIERS

Property of Miss Scott McFie

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Though the summer is still some way off, spring is now definitely before us with its outdoor amusements, which are much added to by one's dogs. The next few months are the time to start a puppy, a matter

consistently does well at trials. A great deal of this success is due to Mrs. Charlesworth; through evil and good report she has stuck to it that a Golden Retriever should be a worker first



GOLDEN RETRIEVER

Property of Mrs. Charlesworth

which requires careful consideration. Mercifully there are so many kinds of dogs, so many different sizes and shapes, that none need be debarred from having one. I think it is quite foolish to say dogs are unhappy in towns. Some may be, but the average dog is quite happy as long as he is with his owners. The remark is prompted by laziness, as it is a little more trouble to oneself to keep a dog in a town.

The Norwich Terrier is the latest addition to the show bench. He does not pretend to be an old breed, but from his general appearance and qualities should be very popular. He is a small, rough red dog on short legs, game, intelligent, hardy and an ideal country companion. Miss Scott McFie owns a successful kennel of Norwich, headed by the well-known Tiny Tim of Biffin. Last year was a most successful one, the terriers doing well at Cruft's, Terrier Show, Richmond, Welks, Harrogate, and the K.C. Miss Scott McFie usually has puppies and young dogs for sale, also Dalmatians. In addition to her kennels, Miss Scott McFie runs a successful boarding kennel, so her hands are full.

The Golden Retriever is one of the most attractive of dogs; lovely to look at, with a disposition which matches his appearance, there was every chance that he might have been spoiled and become merely a charming ornament. This calamity was averted by his friends, and he now stands in the foremost rank as a worker and gun dog. In 1937 the Retriever Championship was won by a Golden, and he



KING CHARLES SPANIEL

Property of Mrs. de Pedro

and an ornament and companion after. She must be satisfied with the results of her labours. No dog, however attractive, is kept in her kennels unless it is a worker. The photograph is of Noranby Jane, winner of the Dorset All Aged Stake, also at Cruft's, 1939, of best opposite sex to winner of the Gold Cup in F.T. Class, at the age of eleven and a half years, not a bad performance. Mrs. Charlesworth usually has youngsters for sale, any one getting one from her is sure of its being of a working strain.

The charming little King Charles Spaniel shows great signs of returning to favour. Why he ever went out is one of those things no one knows. Lovely to look at, intelligent, affectionate, with attractive little ways and quite hardy, he has everything one wants, including a romantic past, to me an addition. Mrs. de Pedro has a select kennel of King Charles.

The dogs have her personal attention, they are well housed, and get plenty of exercise; all are as hard as nails. She keeps all four colours. She has done well showing, but is chiefly interested in breeding and has bred some good ones. There are at present some lovely puppies for sale, also one tricolour dog six months old, and one Blenheim bitch the same age, all out of Mrs. de Pedro's famous brown bitches by well-bred sires. Mrs. de Pedro lives at New Malden and is delighted to show her dogs to visitors.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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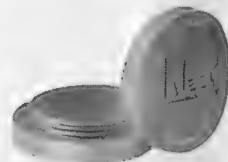
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The pastel shade of the suede, the tweed, and the modern facial make-up — can you think of a prettier picture? We can't. The first jacket with its toning skirt is in pale rose or old rose. The centre one is in nigger brown, or green, with skirt toning or contrasting. Both are 7 gns. The Hooded Jacket you may have in brown, blue, crimson, wine, etc. for 6 gns. And the long hair angora sweater in white, cherry, bamboo, light blue is 42/-. — Sports shop 1st floor. Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1

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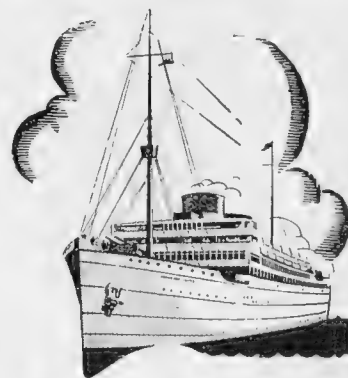
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A rare alliance in a tie shoe of distinction, beautifully constructed on American last. B fitting. Sizes 4½ to 9½. Also in all black, and in navy blue suede and calf. 35/9

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New finesse in the court shoe of black suede, with finely punched toe-cap and counter of patent leather. Also in navy blue and new brown suede, with self colour baby calf toe-cap and counter. 45/9

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Trimmed with suede on vamp and counter . . . a court shoe of distinction. Also in cranberry; admiralty blue; kid skin, or black suede. 39/6

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Fine restraint in the tailoring of this court shoe, in calf, smartly trimmed with colonial tan calf. Also in all brown. 49/6

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Derry & Toms
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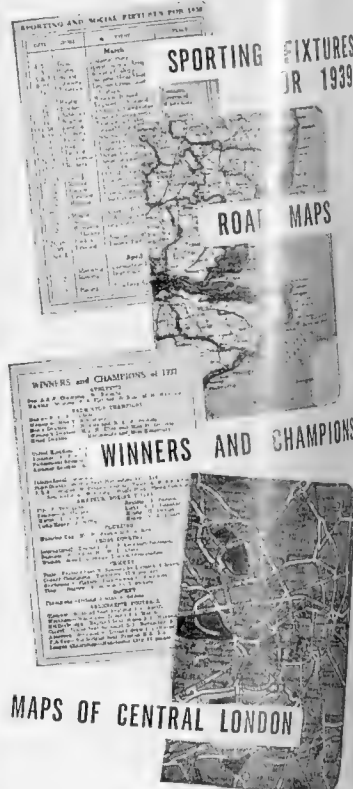
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MODEL 1

Her name we do not know. But that natty cardigan suit, we can see at a glance, is something very new and very chic. Royal blue herringbone tweed is used for the skirt with its box-pleated front and also for the narrow piping on the natural-tone tweed jacket In all, a very distinguished suit Of course, because its label bears the words a "HERSHELLE MODEL 1" Photographed at the "Compleat Angler," Marlow.

HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer write to H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Greet Spring in a New Ensemble

On right

Model ensemble in heavy Matt Crepe. Both dress and coat have the new fluted hem line and longer waist. The dress has a ruffle neck trimming and the coat is elegantly trimmed flying fox. Colours: crushed turquoise, blue grass, platinum, powder, black. Sizes W., F.W., O.S. Price **14½ Gns.**



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Proofed Corduroy TROUSERS in beige, green, brown or navy. Waist sizes 26, 28, 30

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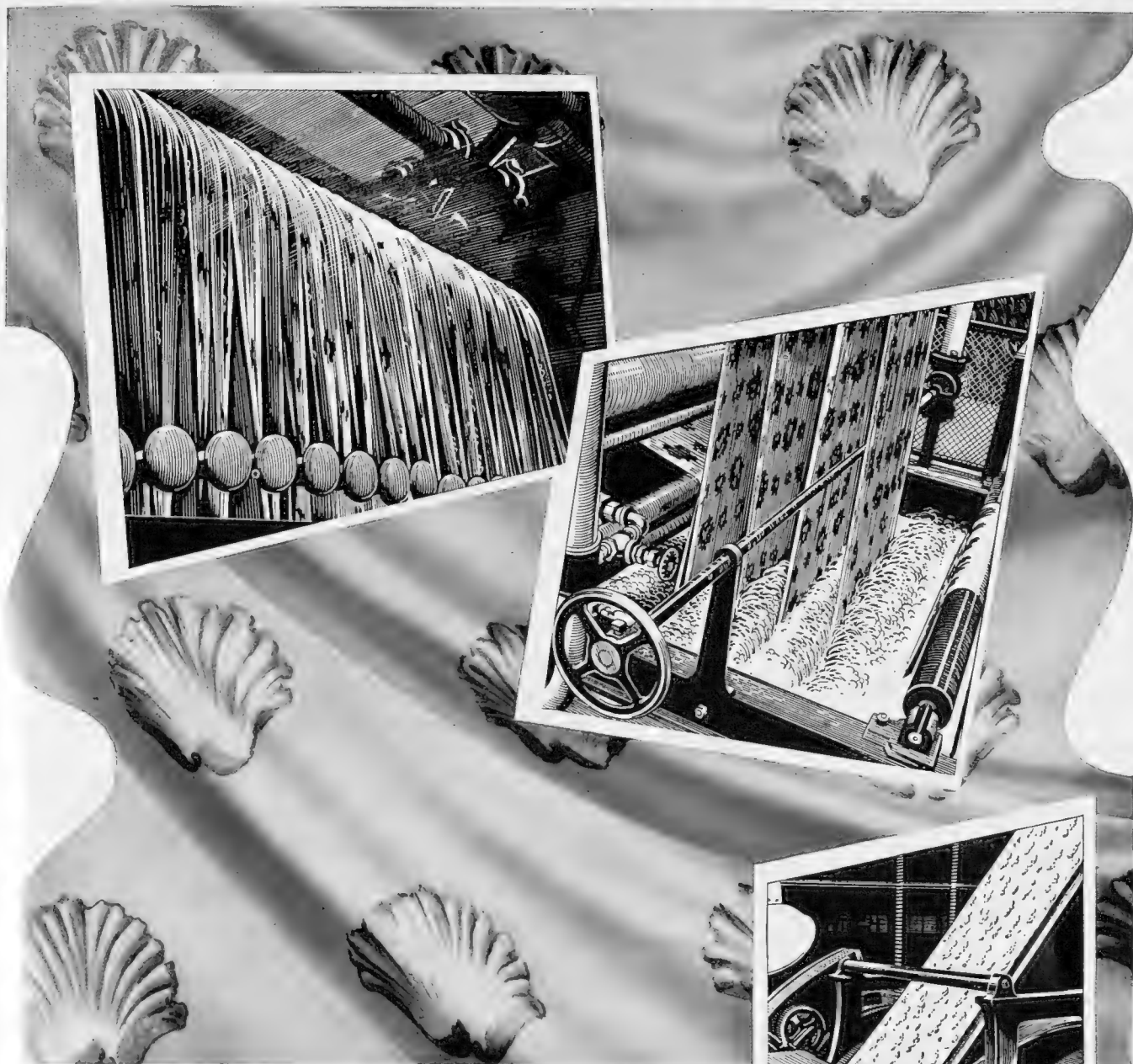
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we have been warned that this advertisement might just as well not be printed, because women won't read it. Of course, it was a man who said that, and men, as you know, are always right—at least, they think so. They say it is not the slightest use trying to interest you by showing something of the care with which Sanderson Fabrics are made. They say it is worse than useless to talk of the intricate (and unique) machinery which prints fifteen or more colours at once in order to produce

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**Mrs. Vincent Paravicini
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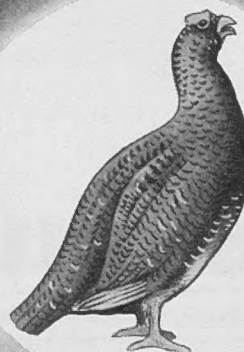
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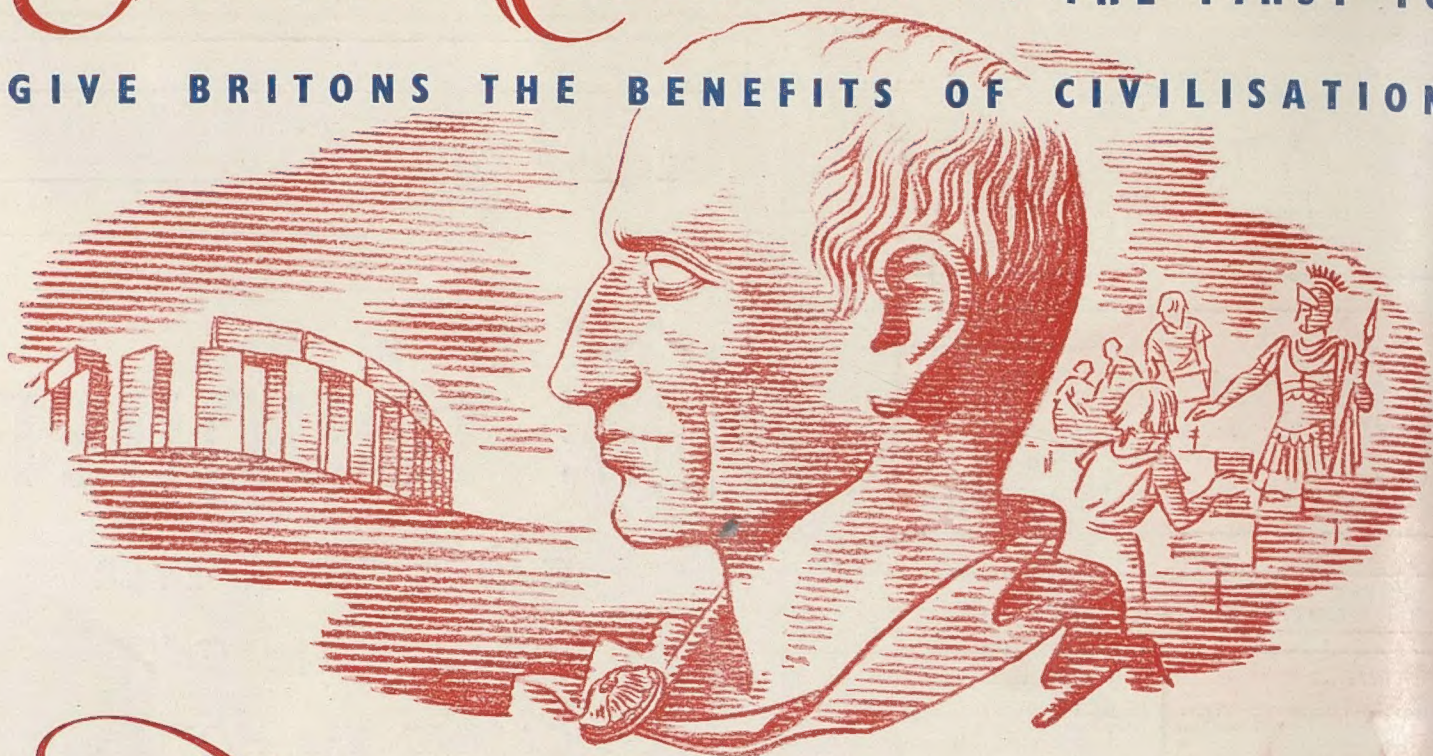
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